

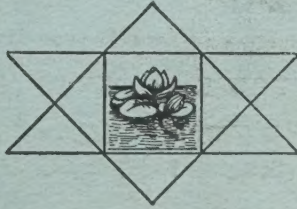
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THE
QUEEN OF THE ISLES:
A LEGEND
OF THE
ISLES OF THE SEA
IN
PREHISTORIC TIMES,
BY



Authorised Edition.

Translated From The French By P. Davidson.

*Illustrated with Engraving of the Menai Straits and the
Island of Mona.*

Peter Davidson, Loudsville, White County, Ga., U.S.A.

1907.

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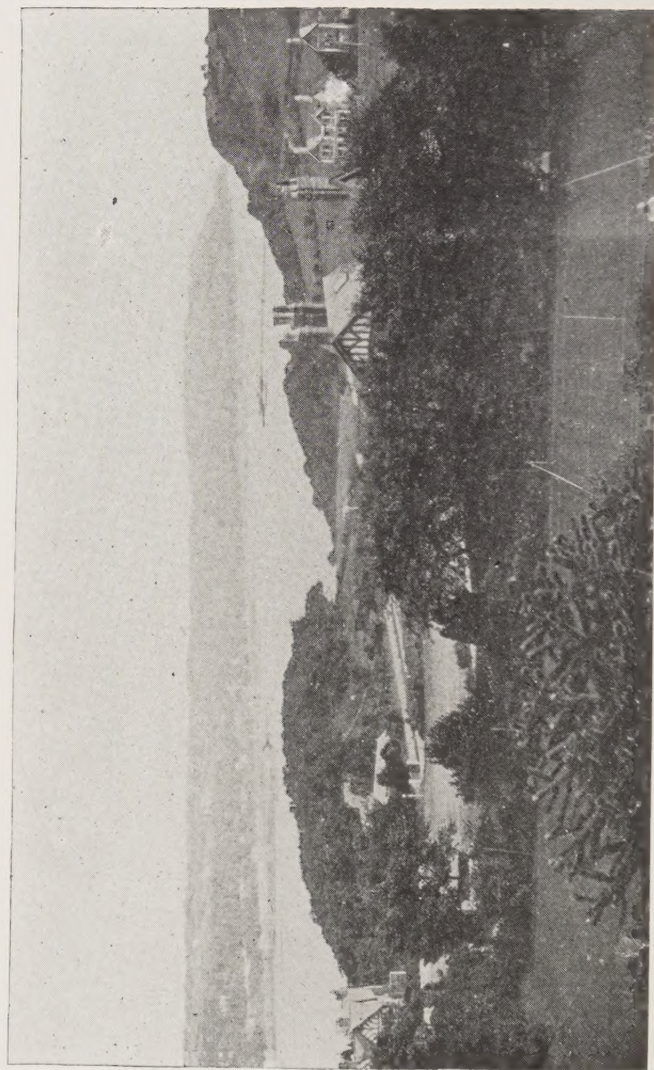
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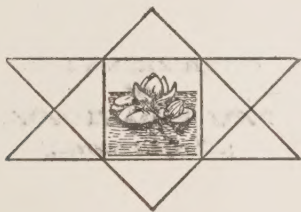
Dr. Davidson has faithfully done his work and is to be congratulated on the sincerity and skill he has brought to the task.—*Boston Ideas*.



STRAITS OF MENAI AND MONA IN THE DISTANCE.

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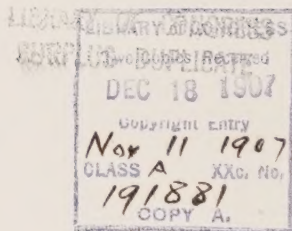
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INTRODUCTORY PREFACE.

IN this little pamphlet will be found an authorised Translation—however imperfect—of a series of highly important and instructive articles which appeared a few years ago in that profoundly erudite French Monthly, “Revue Cosmique,” and which now that so-called “Occultism” is interesting the minds of many, will perhaps meet with favour from a few thoughtful people. The study of Tradition is highly profitable and it is not altogether useless or credulous to despise the counsel of the ancient Hebrew writer who says :

“Remember the days of old,
Consider the years of many generations;
Ask thy Father and he will shew thee,
Thy Ancients and they will tell thee.

Deut. xxxii, 7.

The terms “Brothers,” “Fathers” had two different meanings with the ancient Sages; one being the Hierarchic Chiefs, and the other those who were the direct and more highly developed descendants of the representative men who were the intermediaries between men and the more Rarefied Beings of good will towards men. As to the “Ancients,” they are mentioned in *Revelations* iv, 10. The Readers of our *Morning Star* will have but little difficulty in understanding most of the matters treated upon, being already somewhat familiar with the Cosmic Philosophy, and the Footnotes will elucidate the more difficult passages. The “Lords of the Tempests” are no mere chimera as many would suppose; the ancient Indian *Vedas* makes many clear allusions to the *Maruts* or Gods of the Tempests, and Jesus is represented as “rebuking the winds and the sea.” It is also rather significant that the “devils” (?) besought him that he “would not command them to go out into the deep.”

Relative to the sinking of Atlantis, in the *Book of Enoch* will be found many passages referring thereto, only one of which I need copy :

“In these days Noah saw the earth became inclined,
And that destruction approached.
. . The earth labours and is violently shaken.”

Book of Enoch Sect. xi, Chapter lxiv.

This Book must have been familiar to the disciples of Jesus, for according to the Epistle of *Jude*, the brother of James, it is written: "And Enoch also the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these, saying: Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all," (v. 14, 15.) this passage being taken word for word from Chap. ii of that book. The ancient Kabalistic book, the *Zohar* also speaks of the *Book of Enoch* as a genuine book of great antiquity. It says: "The Holy and the Blessed One, it is said, raised him (Enoch) from the world to serve Him, as is written: *For God took him*. From that time a book was delivered down, which was called the *Book of Enoch*." Nimrod says the Egyptians commemorated the magnificence of Enochia or Enoch's land in their legend of Atlantis, (iv, 302) and Enoch sent Priests and Initiates over the earth. Fabricius gives twenty different authors who refer to this book.

In *Ezekiel* Chapters xxviii and xxxi will be found an ancient account of the submergence of Atlantis. His Inner God spoke to him, saying: "*I am a God (the Ego being our God, our Resurrection and Life) I sit in the seat of God in the midst of the seas; yet thou art a Man . . . Thou hast been in Eden . . . thou wast upon the Holy Mountain of God*," for every nation had its places of Initiation and Holy Mountains, as some still continue to have. Furthermore, Ezekiel says: "They shall bring thee down to the pit, and thou shalt die the deaths of *them that are slain in the midst of the seas*. (v, 1, 8, 13, 14.) The latter portion of the Atlanteans were addicted to *Sorcery* and they were also accused of breeding with a lower race of creatures. In ancient Mythology we read of the strange amours of Poseidon, who became a dolphin to win Amphitrite; a horse to seduce Ceres; a ram to deceive Theophane, etc. The word "Atlantean" includes quite a number of races and nations and not one single race or nation only, just as when we speak of the "Americans," "Asiatics," etc.

The Druid Priests—who originated in Atlantis—called by Pliny the "Magi of the Gauls and Britons," in perfect

agreement with the Hindus, Greeks, Romans, Chaldeans and Egyptians, fully believed in the succession of worlds, in the seven "creations" or rather "Classifications," ours being the seventh; Peter alludes to the destruction of Atlantis—although our Theologians and the interpreters falsely make the prophecy refer to the Creation, the Flood, etc.—by subterranean fires and inundations. In his Second *Epistle* (Chap. iii, 3-14) he says: "The heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water; whereby *the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished.*"

There are earnest and solitary students and Sages for whom the "almighty Dollar" finds but very little interest; who, living in obscurity and far from "the businessworld," guard their sacred records which have been treasured up for ages; precious legends and traditions well known to Solon, Pythagoras, and Plato, traditions which have passed with the utmost care from one Master to another. Those veritable Men *know* that Atlantis is no myth, but that at various times in the remote past, huge islands and continents existed which are now peacefully lying under the ocean depths; as also that at a remote age one could cross that which at present is the Atlantic Ocean by boats from one Island to another, there having then been narrow straits between them. The names, rites, ceremonies and traditions amongst the ancient Mexicans and Babylonians are identical, which is a convincing proof that America must have been peopled by those who found their way across the Atlantic, for the Atlantic legend is no fiction. The truth of many of those old legends, as well as their exactness, testified to by such gigantic intellects as those we have just mentioned, begin to dawn upon the minds of several of our scientists, just as what is called the "New (but really very Old) Thought" is now dawning upon such Theologians as the Rev. Mr. Campbell of London, etc.

As that learned Frenchman, M. Jacolliot says, speaking of the aborigines of the Sandwich Islands, New Zealand, etc :

"They had never known nor heard of each other until the arrival of the Europeans; yet each of those people maintain that their island had at one time formed a part of an immense land which extended towards the West, on the side of Asia. All spoke the same language, had the same usages, customs and religious belief. To the question: Where is the cradle of your race? for sole reply, they extended their hand towards the setting sun."

The perfect identity of the religious rites, traditions and even the names of their Deities, amongst the Mexicans, ancient Babylonians and Egyptians are quite ample proofs of South America having been peopled by persons who had in a mysterious manner found their way across the Atlantic. History is silent as to this but the Atlantis legend tells the story, and the ancient Aztecs resembled the ancient Egyptians in civilisation and refinement.

The Priests of Phrygia and Asia Minor agree perfectly with the Priests of Sais, when they revealed to Solon the history and fate of Atlantis. "The transactions of this our city of Sais, are recorded in our sacred writings during a period of 8,000 years," says Plato in *Timæus*. Further, he says: "Great changes have taken place in the days of old in *heaven and on earth*, and present things are one of the results." In *Critias* he says: "Nine thousand years have elapsed since the *War of Nations* and according to the statement made by the Egyptian Priests to Solon, 9,000 years have passed away since the destruction of the last portion of Atlantis. The name *Allanta* could never have originated with Plato for it is no Greek name and has nothing Grecian about it. In every case when Plato informs us respecting Atlantis there exists agreement both in architecture, sculpture, navigation, engraving, writing, priesthood, worship, etc. Homer, who preceded Plato by many centuries, in his *Odyssey*, speaks of the Atlantes (Atlanteans) and of their island.

As to the ancient Sages having command over the Forces of Nature, the proofs are ample. By what art did the Priests of Delphos send storms of thunder and lightning upon the invaders who, with Xerxes and Brennus, fled with loss and terror, upon no less than three different occasions,

when they attempted to rob their Temple? In a fragment of *Ossian*, the sword of Oscar is distinguished by the epithet *Druil'anach*, the flame of the Druids, and in the country of the Gauls every flash of lightning is even yet called: "The Flame or Fire of the Druids." Numa the King-Philosopher knew the secret of "forcing Jupiter the Thunderer to descend upon earth," and Titus Livy and Pliny tell us that Tullus Hostilius found in the *Book of Numa* instructions regarding the secret sacrifices offered Jupiter Eli-cius; also that he committed an error and "was struck by lightning and consumed in his own palace." (*Tit. Liv. Lib. i, Chap. xxxi.*) Pliny says: "Having performed the rite imperfectly, he perished, struck by thunder." (*Nat. Hist. Lib. xxviii, C. ii*)

Referring to the above Etruscan secrets he further says:

"Impetrare fulmen, cogere fulmen,"

the first denoting an *appeal*, the second the *projection* of the lightning. In Agathias, *de rebus justin*, Lib, v, C. 4, we read of lightning projected upon the house of Zenon; in Sozomen's *Ecclesiastical History*, Lib. ix, C. 6, there is an account of the Etruscan Sacerdotal Corporation defending the town of Narnia by lightning, against Alaric; those same Priests offered to the Christians of Rome to protect their town in like manner, but the latter attributed the knowledge of the Priests to the "Devil"!—the old, old story—and Rome was taken. In *Levit. x, 1-7*; *Deut. iv, 33, 36*, will be found an account of this Empyrean as Orpheus termed it: Horace speaks of it as belonging to certain Mysteries, and Moses tells us it emanates from "the Height of Heaven." The *Zend-Avesta* says: "Evoke and comprehend the Celestial Fire" and the *Oupnekhat* adds: "To know the real nature of Fire, of the Light of the Sun, of Magnetism, and the Moon, the Atmosphere and Telluric Electricity, is three-fourths of the Science of the Magi." Servius says: "the ancient Priests never lighted a fire upon their altars—their sacred prayers brought down and made appear the Fire of Heaven."

Did not Hesiod believe that the winds were "the sons of

the giant Typhæus," who were bound and unbound by Æolus? were not the Greeks warned to listen to the oracle of Delphi and "sacrifice to the winds" at the approach of Xerxes and his fleet; did not Elijah seek the Lord in the "great strong wind and earthquake?" If Jupiter in olden times hurled forth his lightnings and thunderbolts, did not the Lord send out his arrows (thunderbolts) and scatter Saul's armies with lightning? (II *Sam.* xxii, 14, 15) since He "maketh his clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind: Who maketh his Angels Spirits: his Ministers a flaming fire." (*Psalms* civ, 3, 4; II *Sam.* xxii, 9, 11.) Did not the Emperor Constantine sentence Sopatrus, the philosopher, to death, for loosing the winds and keeping back the ships loaded with grain to stop the famine? did not Pausanias see men who by a few prayers and incantations stopped a hailstorm?

Upon page 24 of this pamphlet Mouchir and Agil are represented using a double crystal as a Telescope, but at an early period this instrument seems to have been known. The Druids, as an old writer says "brought the moon near to the earth," and according to Hecatæus, a very old author, as given by Diodorus Siculus. (*Lib.* iii, C. 11) they had discovered mountains in the moon. He says: "And which is the more remarkable, they could shew the moon very near them and discover therein mountains and heaps of rocks, which the telescope only can do."

In Dupaix's *Monuments*, plate xiii, there is a man holding something like a telescope to his eye. The ancients knew that the Milky Way consisted of small stars, therefore it is but reasonable to think it must have been by the aid of telescopes. The Pharos, or "miraculous tower" as Cæsar calls it, built by Sostrates, was nearly 400 feet high, having upon its summit a huge mirror of polished steel, so placed as to present the image of distant vessels, *before they were visible to the eye*; probably a reflecting telescope. This tower was destroyed, as Abulfeda relates, by the Christians.

As to the grandeur and richness of some of the dwellings

of the Atlanteans, this is no myth, for even at a recent date as compared with those prehistoric times, we might well ask, who carved the massive columns of Elephanta, ancient as the Pyramids; or who formed Carli and the Caves of Kenari and Serendib; the palaces of the Thebaid and Iran; the labyrinth of 1,500 chambers, glittering with precious stones, frescoes and gold; the sepulchre of Osymandias, a palace of gold, marble and painting; Babylon in its splendour, a square of 60 miles, with brazen gates and marble towers; the eight-storied tower of Belus, based upon a square of one mile, containing Temples decked with statues of beaten gold; the Temple of the Tyrian Hercules at Gades, with gold and emerald pillars, jewelled gates of ivory and silver, containing golden olive trees bearing smaragdine fruit within the shrines, with an altar of the precious metal, one hundred feet high, the walls and ceilings overlaid with plates of gold, clustered with diamonds, emeralds and rubies; the marble fane of the Great Goddess at Hierapolis, with doors, roofs, altars and ornaments of gold, rich with jewellery, a rainbow of precious gems round her waist, diamonds on her head, with a lamp by her side which shone like solar fire, lighting up the whole Temple—not such as men now possess, but belonging to the times of old, when men were “savages,” as many modern Priests and Parsons pretend!

In conclusion we hope that our modest efforts, as Translator, may encourage a few earnest readers to aspire towards their soul perfection, by vanquishing the deceitful machinations of the Hostile, or as Paul expresses it; wrestling against the Evil Principalities and Powers, the Rulers of the Darkness of this world, the Spiritual Beings from the Nervous Region of the Hostile, (*Ephes.* vi, 11, 12) who are incessantly trying to possess our earth and its inhabitants. This aspiration towards soul progress practically carried out by the Readers will therefore be considered as an ample reward for those humble endeavours of their well-wisher

Loudsville, Ga. U. S. A.,

12TH Nov., 1907.

THE TRANSLATOR.

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Tzere, ancient Queen of the Isles, refused to follow him. He laments with Tzere whose voice mingles with the ocean. The Seventh Wave brings the voice of a Daughter of Vellah (Aditya) who is in danger and lies senseless near the uprooted tree. Aoual's Invocation to the Kings of the Tempests. Aditya sleeps. Pavaka a prisoner in the Enchanted Palace. He reposes. Aditya enters. Charm of Love breaks all others. Aditya consecrated Queen of the Isles. Dain asleep in boat at the Isle of Oaks. A Powerful Being appears to her who tells her that her only liberty depends upon her invoking the King of the Region of Fire. The plot deepens. Dain jealous of the new Queen of the Isles. Dain is to be assisted by the Being upon one condition only, viz., that she must come to the Region of Fire. Dain again put to sleep by Aoual. Aditya warns the people to get their boats ready. Dain's Chant to Agnishut. Fire from heaven strikes the tower, the earth violently shaken. Dain suddenly disappears. The Hierarchy of Atlantis enter the boats. Atlantis sinks. Aditya, Pavaka and new Sacred Hierarchy of Atlantis reach the little Isle of the Sea, *Mona*. They evoke Tzere. Aoual stands upon the beach. The Sacred Hierarchy who preserve the *Drnada* is established. The Prophetic future of *Mona*.

THE QUEEN OF THE ISLES:

A LEGEND OF THE ISLES OF THE SEA.

PREHISTORIC TIMES.

It is the new moon of the sixth month. In the Isle which is the Pearl of the South Sea and the sacred place of the Central Country,* the young Chief Balavat reposed in the shade of a wide-spreading palm tree, the most beautiful and fruitful in all the vast palm grove which extended all around. No man is visible, but behind the large trunks of the palms, to the east and west, north and south, four times four men watch so that nothing hurtful can come near him, whilst he reposes. He is very precious as being the greatest in *Power* in all the Hierarchy. Thus the guardians, each group of whom is capable of distinguishing one of the Physical, Nervous, Psychic, or Mental Rarefactions, watch together at the four sides of the square, whilst Balavat rests under the large palm, passing from Rest to Rest.

As the sun goes down and the shadows of the trees lengthen, two venerable men arrive from the east and enter within the square, by passing between the watchers who silently welcome them. They are two of the most esteemed Sages of the Sacred City of the northern mountains covered with perpetual snow.† One is Pravaga, Pravaga who loves solitude for the better evoking of the remembrances of the remote past; the other is Maha-Paksha, whose numerous disciples always follow, for his delight is to be with the sons of men. They are seated within a stone's throw of Balavat and converse together in a low voice.

*At present the Isle of Ceylon.

†The Himalaya mountains.

Maha-Paksha.—You who have lived through the ages, you who remember so many former existences, and who consequently understands better than any other the nature of existence, tell me what you think of Balavat! Is it he whom we seek and wait, he who will be the Illumination of the world?

Pravaga.—Balavat, in comparison with the Illuminator after whom we sigh, is like one of the four satellites of the Queen of Planets,* by the side of the great ancestor of the earth, *Sirius*.† Balavat will have power in the three heavens which surround the earth,‡ but the Illuminator will have power in the fourteen heavens.§ Nevertheless we know only the limit of the gradations where he can ascend alone, but those which he can reach in Duality of Being that he seeks at this time, who can foretell them until she for whom he is destined calls and desires him?

M. P.—That is true. Just as the union of certain constituents by heat produce gold, so the union of two beings by the fire of Love can produce that which is of great value. Unfortunately, at present, although two souls formed for earthly Duality may be incarnated at the same time upon the same sphere, it may happen that they never meet, one may be born in a palace and the other in a cottage, one may be amongst the Illuminee and the other amongst those who are yet in the densest obscurity. Thus for want of develop-

*The Planet Jupiter.

†Sirius is one of the stars nearest to the earth and consequently to our Sun. Our Sun was originally mingled with Sirius and had been detached from it, just as the earth later on had been separated from its centre. That the centre of rotation is Sirius, as our sun is the focus of motion for our planet, is clearly explained in *Tradition*; the Sun is first detached from Sirius, then contracted; the earth is afterwards detached from the Sun, afterwards condensed; the same with the moon which is separated from the earth.—*Editor*.

‡The question here is of the Nervous, Psychic and Mental States which surround that of the Physical. They often designate under the name of "Heavens" in symbolic language, the different States of Matter.

§The seven States of the Materialisms and the seven States of the Etherisms.

ment of Sensitives,* who ought to be able, by Intuition or Predilection to find those with whom they are one, many existences are lost without profit or utility.

Whilst the two Sages thus conversed together, Balavat rose and approached them. "Very wise and venerable Masters," said he to them, "whilst I reposed under the palm tree consecrated by the presence of a *Royal Draada*.† I had a dream or vision which I beg, with your permission, to make known to you."

M. P.—We shall listen to you.

Balavat.—In my dream I saw the leaves of the palms agitated by the north-west wind. A fog soon extended over the grove and drops of rain fell everywhere around me, but none fell upon me. Afterwards in the fog a small cloud of a reddish colour formed above me as if the rays of the setting sun had coloured it. I was astonished because the sun had been set for some time, and the sky was veiled in mist. Then drops of rain ceased falling upon the trees and the ground around me, but they fell upon my face, hands and feet which were not covered with my clothing, throwing me into a kind of drowsiness. My clothes were soon soaked by that rain, like as the clothes of a shepherd who watches over the flocks by night are soaked with the dew. At length the little cloud floated towards the north-west, although the wind blew always from the same direction, I asked myself: by what force can this cloud go against the wind. Whilst it floated on pursuing its way, its colour became clearer, more luminous, and assumed a fiery colour. I then said to myself: assuredly this cloud is permeated by that which is from the Rarefaction of the region of the Soul of the Senses. Perhaps it is that which protects our souls before we descend to earth, which causes this cloud to pass towards the place where the being of my being dwells.

*The word "Sensitive" is employed to denote a Man or Woman possessing other senses than the five which are evolved in the generality of humanity.—*Editor*.

†The *Draada* are the Passives of the Nervous Degree whose place of rest is in the sap of the large Oaks.—*Ed*.

A short time afterwards I heard the noise of a great mass of water, whose waves broke with such a noise as I had never heard the like of in our Isle. They were like the roaring of a lion mingled with thunder. The little cloud passed over the Great Ocean and stopped above an oak forest. I afterwards saw a very beautiful Passive* who leaned against the rough trunk of one of the largest of those venerable trees. She wore a blue dress, hemmed with richly wrought golden embroideries. Her hair, the colour of ripe wheat which shoots forth upon the mountain slopes, was loose and floated behind over her garment, like a wavy silk mantle. I have never seen anything so beautiful as that young Passive. Her figure was tall and supple, her countenance full of grace and gentleness, her large eyes—fringed with a crown of dark eyelashes—were blue, like clear and deep water, and her lips were red like coral. She held a hazel wand in her right hand, with which she beat time, as is done in music. Six times she beat time by following the shape of a triangle, and at the Seventh beat she pointed her hand towards the ocean, whose waves were heard behind the rocks which separated it from the forest. Upon seeing this, I listened attentively, and I understood how the sound of every Seventh Wave was more sonorous and powerful than that of the other six. I afterwards remembered that it is registered in *Tradition* that in the remote past there were persons who divined the future by the breaking of the Seventh Wave of the ocean upon the shore, and who understood the voices of the great waters.

Pravaga.—Centuries have come and gone since Divination was practiced by the Seventh Wave, the marvellous and powerful Incantation by the Seventh Sign of the Chaldeans. Who then can that beautiful Passive of the forest of oaks be, who beat the measure with her hazel wand, by following the rhythm of the ocean waves, and who pointed it towards the Seventh Wave when it broke upon the shore?

Balavat.—Truly I do not know, but I *shall* know, for as

*The word "Passive" is generally employed to denote a woman, a "Sensitive Passive" denotes that the Sensitive is a woman.—*Ed.*

soon as day breaks I will set out for the eastern shores of the Western Ocean, and I will have no rest until I find her whom I love.

M. P.—Wait, my son, until the young girl calls you, for if she does not call you, it may be that she does not desire to unite her life with yours.

B.—If this is the case, why should I have had this vision whilst I rested under the sacred palm?

M. P.—Who knows? Perhaps you have not found favour with the Draada; maybe some personal Divinity who is from Siva* drives and pushes you towards adversity and loss, maybe I am deceived and that the child of the Seventh Wave wants you.

B.—It must certainly be that it is so, and since I am free, having climbed the Six Grades, I can prove for myself the truth of my vision, for there will never be for me any other Passive like that beautiful girl of the oak forest.

M. P.—Mistrust, my son, mistrust those who conceal themselves in mists and clouds, for the Kingdom of the Divine Friend of man is within our Ego, and all that influences us from without, that which is felt only through its veil, ought at least, to be attentively observed.

B.—Pardon my question, great Sage: Do you maintain that no friend of man, of a more rarefied degree, can appear to him and communicate with him? Do you deny the existence and efficiency of those who thus come with the object of helping us?

M. P.—That would be to run counter to the experience of all people and ages.

B.—What do you wish me to understand?

M. P.—That the friends of man never appear like inferior non-stationary beings, such as the dove or elephant, the eagle or lion, or even the dog, nor like fire nor a cloud, or any other inhuman form, but only in the form and likeness of Man.

Pravaga.—I confirm the saying of Maha-Paksha, and if

*Siva, an Ethiopian God the same as Baal.—*Ed.*

this can save you in anywise, I would advise you to stay in the midst of us and watch. But you are free to go anywhere you please, and I know with what ardour the blood flows in your veins; I know that when the seventh new moon will have risen and set, you will have crossed the Great Ocean of the West, in search of the pretty Passive, of her with whom is found the wisdom of the Ancient Science, the knowledge of the voice of the Seventh Wave.

Upon saying those words Balavat withdrew and disappeared in the palm forest.

M. P.—Certainly Balavat has not within him that which could evolve him into one of the highest of the Sons of Brah-Ma, still less that which could develop him as far as the mission of the Redeemer or Restorer of Man. Nevertheless by the science of Numbers, which never deceives, he whom we await must be now incarnated upon earth.

P.—That is true, but so great is the confusion of existence, so deteriorated is our perception, that we might search for him in vain. Alas! the signs of the cloud, of fire, of beings less developed than man appear always, but the signs of the luminous stars of the evening and morning, the beings who are sent by the friends of man, who are attracted towards his Aura by Pathetic Force, become more and more rare. Therefore the vision of Balavat gives us a reasonable hope of finding the Expected One—(apart) and who knows if I have not already found him?

M. P.—How so?

P.—A prophet of the remote past, a true Brahmarichi* has said: "The time of each intellectual dawn of day is marked by the number 5, the symbol of the Passive, who is veiled by the Quaternary and who is the centre of the square, that is essential for all perfection. At the advent of the near dawn of Intellectual day, that Passive will be seen in an oak forest, upon the eastern bank of the Western Ocean, and she will be known by this sign: She will hold a wand in her hand with which she will beat the measure of

*A Brahman of the highest degree.

the waves, whilst they break upon the shore. She is the first amongst the Daughters of Vellah* and no one can be compared to her in virtue and beauty."

M. P.—I remember that prophecy, and if I am not mistaken, it is followed by this advice and warning: "Let the Illuminees watch over and protect that Daughter of Vellah from the inmate of the cloud of fire and concealed in the fog." I would follow Balavat to recall to him this saying, and if it is possible to dissuade him from setting out towards the Western Ocean, for fear that some misfortune happen to him or her whom he seeks.

P.—Can the voice of reason be heard where the fire of passion prevails? Balavat has already departed, afraid that some one may be opposed to his design, and if he was still here, he would no doubt reply to you: It is I and no other one who will preserve her from the cloud of fire and the children of the mists.

Thus spoke Pravaga and he retired towards the palms.

M. P.—The lover of solitude whose home is in the town of perpetual snows leaves for the first time perhaps, if my memory does not deceive me, the Central Country, in order to find means to guide that Daughter of Vellah, for fear that she take the light of the cloud the colour of fire for one of the three Sacred Fires, for fear that the child of White Light become not *Agni Karana*.†

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At a certain place upon the eastern shore of Europe extend towards the west, within the Atlantic, three rocky promontories. To the south of one of those promontories which is more to the south than the others, is still found another promontory which stretches further south, and between them opens a bay in the form of a crescent. It is a summer

*The "Daughters of Vellah" are mentioned in the *Chronicles of Chi* as being conceived and dwelling under the most powerful influence of Vellah (Venus), it is upon the history of the Daughters of Vellah that is based the vulgarised legend how the Sons of God saw that the Daughters of Men were pretty. (*Gen.* vi, 2.)

†Sacrifice by Fire. Agni is the God of Fire in the Vedic tradition.

night. Above the ocean, forests and steep rocks which separate the world of waters and that of the trees, extends the cloudless expanse of sky, of a deep blue, by reason of its ozonised immensity, in which in majestic order move innumerable starry worlds, as they already moved before the fixed had been divided from the plastic, before the earth had sprung from the ocean of waters.

All is apparently motionless, except the waters, whose surface is wrinkled with feeble undulations, and Hesperus, the Evening Star, which crosses the heavenly vault, as if it followed the sun in its course. All is apparently silent, except the monotonous rhythm of the waves which enter, rolling into the bay, and break upon the shore. Even the gulls and flocks of wild doves, who have their nests in the crevices of the rocks, sleep. The waters of the rising tide have almost reached their ordinary height, which marks a line in the form of a crescent, with shells and sea-weed. Upon the eastern side a path descends in a steep slope across the rocks down to the shore. This is the side of one of the countries sacred to the Initiates. It emerged long ago from the Central Country. Some time ago they saluted with solemn rites the new moon, which rose and set above the sea, like a thin silver crescent. As the night became darker, the Evening Star shone with a more intense radiance. They call it a point of living light, one of the tears of Lakshmi* suspended between heaven and earth, a drop of luminous dew, whose radiance casts a trail of splendour over the waters. A stone is detached from the rocks and falls upon the beach. At this noise the birds who watch over their families as vigilant sentinels, send forth in a semi-voice their warning cry. Then all is again silent, except the monotonous rhythm of the waves.

At the top of the rocky path which goes down towards the shore, there is seen shining the form of a crescent which reflects the light of Hesperus. It is a silver Sickle. She

*The Passive or Feminine counterpart of Vishnu; the Venus Aphrodite of the Greeks.—*Ed.*

who carries it is a slender and graceful young girl, of exquisite figure. Her face of a delicate oval presents the type of beauty of Aoual* and her long and silken hair, loose, in sign of virginity, falls upon her raiment, like a mantle of undulating gold. She wears no ornament save a thin crown of oak leaves, in the centre of which is a star with seven points, in precious brilliants, whose lustre is hidden by the oak leaves. She slowly descends the path and advances to the edge of the waves. The sentinel birds have uttered no cry during her passage, for they well know whose hand throws seeds to them when the winter stretches his snowy and icy mantle over the forest.

It is the Passive elected by the Guardians of the Draada, Aryama, the beautiful, pure and merciful. At the rising of the new moon, she enters within the grotto which serves as a Temple, and placing her foot upon the Sacred Stone, she pronounces the words consecrated since æons of time: "The All-Penetrating is without Form. Integral formation is the manifestation of that which is to clothe." Then before the assembled Hierarchy she receives with solemn rites the Silver Sickle with the crown of oak leaves, and the Chief says to her: "To you, Aryama, to you, Elect, belongs the Silver Sickle, symbol of the crescent moon,—the moon which has power over the waters—until, in Duality of Being, you receive the Golden Sickle, symbol of the Germinative Essence, where the formative power resides which has power over the Cosmos of being in permanent form." Then the harpers strike their golden harps, and the singers sing: "Who is like the Elect Passive? Who can be compared with Aryama?" and all the Initiates respond in one voice: "We know of no one." Afterwards the Chief Harpist resumes the rhythm of the waves which break upon the beach: "Like Hesperus amongst the Stars, like a rare pearl amongst precious stones, like a lily amongst the flowers of the field, is the well-beloved Elect amongst all our young girls."

*Aoual is the First Emanation of Brah, the Attribute of Justice of the Cosmic Cause.—*Ed.*

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Motionless like a statue Aryama stands upon the beach, until six waves have rolled and broken at her feet. At the moment when the Seventh, more powerful than the others, approaches, and comes to bathe her naked feet, she lays aside her Silver Sickle, stretches her hands over the waters, and sings in a very ringing voice, clear and melodious, the Pæan of Invocation, that the waves of the descending tide accompany, and whose Seventh Wave which breaks into foam upon the shore, marks the strange rhythm :

“From the Ocean beach, I invoke thee, Oh! Kaoahe,
Oh Kaoahe!* listen to me, lend an ear to my supplication,
Marvellous and mysterious is the voice of the deep waters,
When they break upon the beach the waves speak silently,
And without words they unveil many mysteries,
But more marvellous still is thy Seventh Wave, Oh Oceanus!
Oceanus, monarch of the waters, son of the Earth and lower Air.

From thy depths arise the mountains
Whose summits ascend to the limits of aerial sustentation,
Ascend to the regions where dwell the Nervous Beings;
This is why thy Seventh Wave proclaims secrets,
Secrets which come from the more Rarefied Heavens.

From the Ocean beach, I invoke thee, Oh Kaoahe!
Oh Kaoahe! thou art one with the Lord of the Lunar Empire,
The first of the sons of Earth who was stripped of his clothing,
Oh Kaoahe! listen to me, lend an ear to my supplication,
See how I follow the waters, when they fall back.
My feet are all bathed with the Seventh Wave.

Tell them to reveal to the Virgin Aryama
Who is he that is seen in her vision,
He who shews himself to her in the country of dreams.
Open my ears, I supplicate thee, Oh Kaoahe!
Thou whose voice unites with that of the sonorous waves,
How can I know the blessed place of his dwelling!
I follow the motion of the waves and I invoke thee, Oh Kaoahe!
Oh Kaoahe! Queen of the Nervous Sphere, Queen of Oceanus,
Open my eyes so that the tufts of foam
That the Seventh Wave leaves upon the sand of the beach
May tell me the home of him whom my soul sighs after.”

*Kaoahe was the Passive of Kaoah (Biblical Cain,) both having been rejected by Devo, the Hostile Chief, upon *Nud* (the Moon,) so called because it *wanders* around the earth, hence it will be seen why Aryama invoked Kaoahe who has power over *the waters*.—*Editor*.

Whilst Aryama chanted her Invocation upon the rhythm of the waves and followed the ebb of the sea which now fell back, the crimson War Planet appears above the rocks which rise between the forest and the ocean, and almost at the same time a grey and cold fog slowly descends, until it rests above the world of waters, concealing the moving waves, hiding the stars. Then above the young girl appears, as if it was formed of mist, a fiery coloured cloud. Slowly this cloud descends until it rests above her. The grey and dense fog stifles the voice of the waves, the Song of Invocation becomes more and more feeble, the steps of Aryama become slower and slower. She afterwards ceases to sing, but she still follows with slow steps the sea, which falls back. At length the sea stops at its level, and Aryama, exhausted and cold, overwhelmed by an undefined fear, sinks down upon the sand unconscious.

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The flux is returned, a strong wind from the north-west has dissipated the fog and hurls the waves forward with a roar like thunder. Quickly their white foam crests approach the motionless form of Aryama; the Seventh Wave, which has taken the colour of the fiery cloud, kindles above her, leaps forward, as if it was hurrying to possess itself of its human prey. But from behind a projecting rock proceeds a runner strong and agile, who seizes the light form upon the sand, and leaps back sufficiently quick to escape from the giant wave, which retires with a fierce roar. He afterwards quickly climbs up the rocky path, passes the forest, and carries Aryama, at the first glimmer of dawn, within the depths of a cave. Here, he takes off his long woollen tunic, spreads it upon the ground, and places upon it the inanimate form of the young girl. He dries her long golden hair with his sash, rubs her hands and feet to reanimate them, and placing his hand upon her heart, he feels a slight pulsation. He afterwards stands up hastily and exultingly cries: "She lives, my adored, my Queen of the Seven Waves, she lives, and it is I who am the Elect that

the Illuminees of all countries await. Through her I will find the secret of perpetual life, and in the glory of my knowledge and riches I will live through the centuries."

"Who are you?" At this question pronounced in a low and solemn voice, Balavat turned round and found himself opposite a venerable man, of majestic presence, behind whom, at the entry of the cave, stand a group of other men. The blood mounts quickly to his deep olive countenance and descends again leaving his lips pale. But he surmounts this first angry movement and replies: "I am a travelling student from the Sacred Isle of the Central Country." "By whose authority, or by what right, have you brought this young girl here who is a Brahmana?"

Balavat.—Wandering along the shore of the southern bay I found this young girl stretched out upon the sand, lifeless to all appearance. The tide ascended and the wind from the north-west raised the waves like veritable mountains. At the risk of my own life I saved her and bore her to the nearest shelter, to try to reanimate her. How could I do otherwise? In my turn I ask you: Who are you who thus questions me?

"I am the tutor of the Archpriestess, orphan and Elect."

Balavat.—"And I am the principal Elect of the Sacred Isle of the Central Country. I left the island for the first time to seek her who might be in Duality with me. Since you are her tutor, tell me, what you will accept in return for this beautiful *Lakhari*?"* "Are you ignorant that our Brahmana is beyond all value? that according to the eighth and highest form of marriage, the Passives like her give themselves only to him whom they have chosen, without money and without price? Are you ignorant that those Passives are of the family of the White Pedma† and that the *Lakhari* does not belong to the Passives of the eighth form of marriage?"

(Whilst the venerable Chief thus spoke, the fiery coloured cloud descends and conceals the face of Balavat.)

**Lakhari*, a kind of white eatable lily.

†White Lotus.

Balavat.—No, no, I have not spoken so that, because if that pretty child was mine by the eighth rite and if some misfortune happened to me, she should offer herself as *Agni Prevasa*,* in such a manner that together we might enter into the Region of Fires. But am I a demon, to run the risk of sacrificing a similar Passive by *Agni Samskara*,† should I prepare a bowl of Soma for her? The Daughters of the Moon do not fear the sacrament of Fire; still much less does a Daughter of Vellah fear it! (Whilst Balavat thus spoke his face was transformed into that of a blond adolescent of rare spiritual and intellectual beauty.) Do not separate her from me, I beg of you, for if I had not saved her, the ocean had chanted for her the song of eternal rest.

Tutor.—That is true, we shall await the decision of Aryama. The Brahmana is free. Upon saying this the Chief poured between the lips of Aryama a cordial, whilst all watched in silence. Aryama soon opened her eyes and looked around her with astonishment. "Where am I?" she said. Balavat then moves forward and bends over her. She rises.

Aryama.—Ah! Kaoahe has heard my Invocation! she has brought me into the presence of him who appears to me in visions by day and dreams by night, in presence of him whom my soul calls and desires. (Balavat supporting her with his right arm.) Are you now convinced? who would dare to separate the Brahmana from him whom her soul desires?

The Chief, Samtava.—Who indeed? (apart) and yet my mind is full of doubts. (To Aryama:) Are you certain sure, my child, that you are not deceived? are you quite sure that this man is really him whom you have seen in your dreams and visions?

Aryama.—Who can be compared to him? The Chief amongst thousands, the perfectly beautiful!

Samtava.—A veil, I might say of fire, conceals his face from me.

*Voluntary death by Fire.

†The Sacrament of Fire.

Aryama.—It does not hide him from me.

Samtava to Balavat.—If you are Initiated in the three principal actions of a Brahman; the sacrifice of self, the study of the Vedic philosophy and Charity, permit me to bring this child to the home of her infancy. There you will go to seek her and you will thus give proof of your high caste.

B.—I shall not stir from here by the desire of any man, but Aryama is free to choose between us.

A.—I shall dwell only with him whom my soul loves.

Samtava, turning round with sadness.—Farewell my child, farewell. May it be that the veil—like fire which conceals from me the face of him whom you have chosen, is not the fiery cloud of a Son of Siva.

The Initiates proceeded one by one through the narrow entrance of the cave. Next addressing himself to them, he said: "Let four amongst you return noiselessly and conceal yourselves in the niches of the rocks, upon the sides of the cave, so as to be within reach, if Aryama has need for you." The four men returned and placed themselves in the niches of the rocks.

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Balavat (exulting). Mine! mine for ever! No power of Heaven or the Infernal, still less of Earth, can separate us. I shall live! I shall live through the centuries.

As he thus proclaims his victory and approaches Aryama the fiery cloud which enveloped him became more luminous, he felt himself oppressed by an irresistible drowsiness, and he tried to rise to his feet which became like lead. Little by little, upon his left, between him and Aryama, a kind of oval fog assumed the form and figure of the young adolescent that Aryama declared having seen in her vision and dreams. Balavat lost his forces rapidly and fell unconscious upon the floor of the cave. The Being withdrew his Nervous Vitality, with which he clothed himself and entered into his body which he transfigured in his own likeness. The Being thus addressed himself to Aryama: "Do not call me Balavat, but Pavaka, for I alone am pure and holy."

Aryama.—This is what I anticipated, I am blessed amongst all women.

Pavaka.—Rest, my beloved, I shall return very soon.

He afterwards goes down the length of the cave holding in his left hand a small lamp, which throws a fiery coloured halo, like the mist of his Aura. He stops before the niches where the four disciples of Santava are concealed, and directs upon each of them the light of his lamp. "Sleep spies," says he, "as Kahi slept when his Passivity was withdrawn from him."* Afterwards returning to Aryama, he says: "Rise, my beloved, and let us depart."

Aryama.—Is it to your home, in the Central Country?

Pavaka.—No, but rather to the home of your childhood. It is not proper that you be carried away by a stranger, as if you were a foundling. Freely, and of your own will, before the assembly of the Guardians of the Draada of the forest of oaks, I will receive you from the Grand Chief, your tutor, without money and without price. Come, the tempest is past and the starry worlds will give us welcome.

They departed from the cave.

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A majestic Temple in the midst of the oak forest. The magnificent vault of the long avenue, which leads to the entrance of the Temple, is supported by high and massive stone pillars, covered with marble of various colours richly sculptured, which bear sacred devices, and are decorated with paintings representing either sacred rites and ceremonies, or striking scenes in the life of the Draada and their Guardians.

An imposing procession directs itself towards the entrance of the Temple, whose doors are open. It is led by the vocalists. Behind them come the musicians, then a swarm of young virgins who strike their cymbals, and afterwards the harpists bearing their light silver harps. Those are fol-

*The Biblical legend represents God as having caused a "deep sleep to fall upon Adam" during which He made the woman (*Gen. i. 21-23*), whereas *Tradition* relates that it was *Devo*—the Hostile Chief—who withdrew the Passivity from Kahi, that Passive Being having been called Kahie.—*Ed*

lowed, in order, by the Neophytes of the various Grades, and lastly by the Initiates, equally in order, in whose midst, under a crimson canopy, placed upon four golden pillars, and carried by four of the Chiefs, marches Pavaka, dressed in a long white tunic covered with a crimson robe, wrought with gold. At a short distance came a covered chariot, drawn by four white horses, in which is seated the principal harpist who plays an old strange melody, where each seventh measure resembles the monotonous voice of the ocean in repose. But he pronounces not a single word, and before touching the golden harp, each time the sound of a trumpet resounds, and the musicians and singers preserve silence. The chariot of the principal harpist is followed by the children of the Initiates. The boys bear in their left hand leaves of oak in honour of Aryama. The girls carry in their right hand white water-lilies in honour of the Sacred Pedma* of the country of Pavaka. Lastly, behind the children marches a company of noble matrons who surround Aryama clothed in a fine white robe and an azure blue mantle floating over her shoulders. In the Sanctuary before the Holy Place, he whose office it is leads Pavaka to the Hierarchic Chief, the tutor of Aryama.

Pavaka.—To the Hierarchic Chief, for whom she is as daughter, and before this great assembly, I demand the Elect Virgin of the sacred race, Aryama, so that she be mine, I demand her without money and without price.

Samtava.—If the Elect Virgin wishes, let her come here and place her hand in yours.

Aryama then left the matrons and advanced towards the Sanctuary, which is elevated four steps above the great hall of the Temple. Pavaka turned round, as if to go to meet her.

S.—Turn your face towards me and remain where you are. Such is our rule, for fear that the Virgin may chance to be under some Magical Sorcery, or under the abnormal influence of him who desires her.

*The Sacred Lotus flower.—*Ed.*

P.—(In a discontented tone.) This is a whimsical rite, and under this circumstance altogether ridiculous, since the Virgin has already in the cave recognised and claimed me.

S.—Solemn rites consecrated by time can never be changed.

When Aryama ascended the first of the four steps which led to the Sanctuary, he whose office it was presented a white lotus flower to her, carved from the tusk of a sacred elephant, and incrustated with brilliants which sparkled like morning dew. When she ascended the second step another presented to her an egg made from white gold. When she ascended the third step, another presented a girdle to her, to which were attached twelve golden bells, whose clappers bore at their ends precious amethysts. Finally, when she ascended the fourth step, a crimson onyx cup was offered her. She suspends the girdle upon her left arm, she attaches the precious white lotus flower to her crown of oak leaves, she holds the white golden egg in her left hand and stretches out her right hand to take the cup. As she receives it, the hand of him who presented it to her touches hers, and at this contact all her being trembles with an unknown happiness. She raises her eyes and sees him who appeared to her in her visions and dreams, but now a mist seems to vanish away before her eyes, and upon looking towards the place where Pavaka stands facing the east, she sees an Aura of fire around him. A great trembling seizes her and she stops at the entrance of the Sanctuary, she then casts a glance at the contents of the cup, and sees that it contains, not red wine but milk. "Fear not and be not troubled," says the one who presented the cup to her, "advance in virtue which is strength, and when you will be near the Being who awaits you, throw the contents of the cup upon him. Thus you will be saved from the Region of Fire."

She advances, accompanied by a solemn melody from the principal harpist, the seventh measure of which resembles the noise of the ocean waves at rest, and directs her steps towards Samtava. But in passing near to the Being who

awaited her, she turns and throws the cup of milk upon him. All are astonished at her action, when a hoarse cry proceeds from the lips of the Being, whose bespattered body suddenly sinks down, and the Seers perceive a Being of wild beauty enter within a fiery cloud, which hovers over the entrance of the Sacred Enclosure, and which carries him rapidly towards the west. The Initiates hasten round the body and those who had accompanied Samtava to the cave recognise that it is that of Balavat. In the meantime the stranger who had offered the crimson onyx cup to Aryama advances towards Samtava. He takes off his dust coloured garment and appears clothed in a long tunic of coarse white cloth. He says to Samtava: "From the Sacred City of perpetual snows I am come to demand from you the ratification of my union with the Elect Virgin."

Samtava.—How can you pretend to that union, seeing that your clothes indicate you to be only a Neophyte?

The stranger in reply touched the white cord which formed his girdle.

Samtava.—I see indeed that your girdle is made of four strands, and that within each of them is found a golden thread, a thread the colour of sapphire, one of rose colour and another of crimson. This is the sign of the Expected One this long while, the sign of the Illuminee. But I have been deceived once already, and since no Seer has been capable of discerning the subterfuges of the Enemy, who knows if I may not still be deceived? Who will be responsible for you?

"I will," says Pravaga, who appeared suddenly in the midst of the assembly, "I, dear friend of former times. Since the day when we brought the Elect as a little child found in the snow, I have shunned the dwelling of men, to be able to watch over him, to protect and serve him, for it is he who is the true *Pavaka*."*

Whilst Samtava and Pravaga exchange the kiss of peace and welcome, Aryama places the onyx cup and white gol-

*Pure, bright, holy.

den egg upon the ground at the feet of Samtava, and goes to place her hand in that of the stranger. But immediately flames burst forth from all sides of the Temple and even in the Sanctuary. All run away frightened, followed by Pravaga and Samtava. Pavaka alone remains and holding the hands of Aryama in his own, says to her: "Fear not, bring me one of the sacred vases." Aryama brought him a silver vase full of pure water. He passes his right hand above the water, and the water is changed into fresh milk. He next goes up to the entrance of the Holy Place, and taking in his hands the milk from the jar that Aryama holds out to him, he sprinkles the flames, which have encroached upon the Sanctuary. The flames are quickly extinguished. He next goes with Aryama towards each of the places of the Temple where the fire had broken out, and he sprinkles them in the same manner with milk from the jar. Thus the fire is extinguished and the danger exorcised.

As soon as Samtava and Pravaga have been able to calm the panic caused by the appearance of the flames, they return to the Temple, and they see that Pavaka has extinguished the fire so well, that even the smell of burning remains not upon any sacred thing. They afterwards go out with Pavaka and Aryama, and upon reaching the gate they find the avenue filled with Initiates, who await their departure. Samtava relates to them how Pavaka transformed water into milk, in the silver jar, how he dominated and extinguished the flames with that milk, and as all marvelled and returned thanks to Pavaka, he added: "In remembrance of the marvel which has this day been executed by Pavaka, here is the rule which you will observe from generation to generation; to the sacrifice of fire in the morning and evening you will make an offering of new milk from a white heifer, which has brought forth her first-born; this is why the heifer—and because of her the bull—the cow and the ox will be sacred to you."

Then with one voice the assembly sounded the praises of Pavaka, and they all begged him to dwell in the midst of them. But he replied to them: "I have work to do that

you know not." He afterwards bade them adieu, and when Samtava had presented the Golden Sickle to Aryama, Pavaka covered it and they both left the forest and proceeded to the bay where Aryama had gone the night after the festival of the new moon. Like as upon that night, the stars sparkle with fiery clearness in the blue immensity, and Hesperus shines, like a drop of luminous dew, a spark of living light, above the swelling sea. Pavaka and Aryama descend together the rocky path which leads to the shore of the bay.

Pavaka.—The vessel with the white sails which is moored here below, in the deep waters, awaits us to carry us far from here. Nevertheless if it is your wish to remain within your home in the forest of oaks, I will dwell there also.

Aryama.—Did you not say, when the Initiates of the forest begged you to stay with them:—I have a work to do which you know not?

P.—At this time the ship's boat which approaches the shore will carry us quickly towards our dwelling across the ocean.

A.—Look! look! (placing her hands upon the arm of Pavaka) what is that? As she thus spoke, a man and woman, in their likeness, entered into the boat, the oarsmen saluted them respectfully, placing themselves at their oars, and the boat glided rapidly across the waves, like a black speck, towards the vessel with the white sails.

The eyes of the Illuminee are overrun with deep tenderness, and with a voice full of pity he replies to her: "Our work has begun, even before I had time to bring you to our home across the ocean, dearly beloved, and now if you wish it, I shall go to lead you upon the battle field, where those who have struggled through æons of time against disequilibrium, know only the suffering which is found there. Now since you have chosen me, you are for me before all the rest."

A.—Being one, is not our work one? What is your pleasure?

P.—That we reach the vessel before the boat in which are

those who have assumed our likeness, or if this is impossible, that we go with all haste. But how? there are boats, it is true, drawn high upon the beach, and even a small boat which is still moored, but although you doubtless may be an able rower, can we reach the vessel before those who have taken our likeness have given orders for its departure?

Upon hearing those words Aryama enters into the small moored boat. "Have you forgotten," said she, "that you have chosen a child of the Seven Waves? Enter quickly and all will be well." Pavaka enters the boat, Aryama takes a silk ribbon which she wore around her neck, and to which is suspended a small fish with one horn, engraved in gold, which terminates by a sapphire. She leans over the north side of the boat, saying: "By the power of this *Mantra-Yantra*,* by the fish with one horn and by the words of the formula: Oh! Vishnu,† Lord of the Plasticity, grant me thy aid and rapidly bring our boat to the vessel."

She thus spoke, and the Seventh Wave, which came to break upon the beach, reached the boat and brought it towards the vessel. Upon the crest of the wave floated a fish with silvery scales. At the moment when they passed the other boat where the two were found in their likeness, the man launched an arrow which touched the fish, and the water, tinged with blood, sprinkled Aryama. "Look!" she says, "I am consecrated by water and blood." "This is the consecration," replied Pavaka, "of those whose work is the restitution of the multiplicity of the deep waters." In the meantime the waves augment: "Look," resumed Aryama, "the *Maruts*‡ are angry because the Seventh Wave is stained with blood."

*Amulet and Magical formula.

†Vishnu, life of all earthly being, who "hovered over the waters" before the earth was fashioned, which waters became his habitation, hence it is that Vishnu is represented as a *fish* in his first incarnation. The first type of animal life was the fish. Elohim says: "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creatures that *hath life* . . . and God created great whales . . . which the waters brought forth abundantly. (*Gen.* i, 20, 21.) —*Ed.*

‡The Kings of the Tempests.

Pavaka then lights a lamp with a bluish light which illumines the sea. This is a signal to which the vessel replies and which comes to meet them at full speed, whilst the storm increases. When they get near, the officers and crew welcome them with cries of rejoicing and the sound of joyful music. "Before leaving the boat," said Aryama, "I would like that some one would bring me a vase fit for containing water." A sailor brought her a large silver vase. She filled it with sea water and put the wounded fish therein.

Pavaka (to the sailor). "Carry this fish—which floated before us on the Seventh Wave since the Invocation to Vishnu, the Lord of Plasticity—to our cabin." They ascend the vessel to the sound of music; songs and welcome, and also to the roaring of the tempest.

Pavaka (to the Principal Officers.) Do you see over there that dark spot upon the water, above which floats a cloud the colour of fire. It is the Lord of the Region of Fire and a Grand Passive is with him. Let us hasten then in all quickness towards the Great Isle which is our destination.

Aryama, holding the amulet which she wears around her neck above the stern of the vessel, says: "Listen, Maruts, and pay attention to my words. Lash the ocean with fury, behind our vessel, but leave the sea calm before it, and do not rise above the waters, for fear that the thunderbolt from the fiery cloud which hovers over there, strike you." The waters soon became still before the vessel, like the waters of a lake, and the planet Jupiter appeared above the southern horizon. "Salute," says Pavaka, "the Queen of the planets, whose principal moons are to the number of four." He afterwards retires to his cabin with Aryama. All the crew gather upon the deck and chant:

"Hail! hail! Royal Planet
Surrounded by your four Chiefs
And thy twelve satellites!
Blessed be the Brahmarishi
Blessed be the pure Brahmana
Who will be able to say: our oldest son
Was conceived, when in thy splendour
Thou influenced the earth and heavens.
Hail! hail! Royal Planet."

In the meantime the vessel skips silently under the starry sky upon the calm waters of the ocean, and the melody of the harpists loses itself in the distance.

The fourth morning after departure, Pavaka stood upon the deck of the vessel, as if he awaited some one. Aryama went up in her turn upon the deck, at the time when the sun rose. She turned towards the King of Day and looked at him silently. Pavaka came towards her. "Why does my well-beloved look at the sun rising so thoughtfully? Does she chance to dream with some regret, of the forest of oaks, the rocky coast and ocean beach, from whence I have led her four days ago?" said he.

Aryama.—No but only because of a dream I had last night.

P.—What dream?

A.—I dreamt it was the hour of sunrise, and that suddenly, whilst I contemplated the golden glory of the Star of Day, a mist red as blood veiled my eyes, then . . .

P.—You become pale; your hands tremble? then what?

A.—Then I saw a phantom vessel pass by the side of our vessel in the same direction. The vessel, the sails, the clothes of the men of the crew, all were as black as a winter night without moon and stars, and upon the bridge, appearing to look at our vessel, stood he who bent over me in the cave, he upon whom, at your word, I threw the new milk, in the Temple. I know not why, but something in his look frightened me, to such a degree even, that I had no more strength to call you by your name, that now when the morning light plays upon the world of waters, I even tremble from the very recollection.

P. (taking her hands in his own).—Henceforth let fear be unknown to my "Aditya" for ever. For I feel that you not only belong to the Lunar heavens and that you are, like them, endowed with power over the waters and the Multiplicities, but also that the Sun of Intelligence rises in you. Be strong, be strong. Are you not a Daughter of Vellah? and are we not upon the eve of a great struggle? Fear is the most enervating of all enemies.

A.—You have given me the power of expelling it, but . . look! look! the phantom vessel! the black warrior which I saw in my dream!

As she spoke thus, about one hundred yards away there indeed passed a black vessel which glided silently over the waves, without any other sound than a sort of dull hissing, which appeared to proceed from the dark light of its Aura. No living being was visible on board this vessel, which rapidly outsails them in the direction which they follow.

P.—Those who have assumed our likeness will reach the Isle of the West before us.

A.—Who knows? have you not now the power to conceal us in invisibility? * Send the men below, my beloved, and tell the principal officers to place upon the sea a single boat.

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The Great Atlas.—Two men, Mouchir and Agel stood upon a rocky height. Agel looks through a crystal towards a distant isle.

Mouchir.—What do you see by means of the double crystal which brings objects and sounds near which are far away?

Agel.—I see and hear nothing outside the natural perception of my eyes and ears. There is evidently something in the Aura of Atlantis which renders powerless the efficacy of the crystal.

M.—That is much to be regretted for us who seek to know that which is, more especially as the descriptions given of Atlantis, given by Auditives or Clairvoyant Seers, have excited profound interest in us.

A.—Holding myself purely to the study of the Nervo-Physical Degree of the Physical State, by Nervo-Physical perception, I know nothing of the descriptions of which you speak.

M.—According to those descriptions, the Island of Atlantis is evolved beyond all that we can conceive of in art and science. Its ways are not our ways. Its inhabitants, with

*In true *Duality of Being* the power of Invisibility is possible.—*Ed.*

their cave-dwellings, their clothing and their ornaments, its architecture, flora, fauna, surpass in splendour and beauty all that which is now known. And yet we have reason to believe that this Island is the special seat of disequilibrium.

A.—This is nowise astonishing. What earthly formation equals the beauty and utility (for themselves) of the world of insects?

M.—That is true.

A.—Upon looking again through the crystal, I at last see something in the distance, and I hear harpists who play upon their instruments. The crystal therefore remains doubly effective; I am full of gladness.

M.—What do you see?

A.—I see a majestic vessel with white sails, which approaches the Island of Atlantis, coming from the north-west. Upon the prow of the vessel stand hand in hand, a man and a woman whose Auras form perfect whiteness.

M.—Watch well and tell me if you consider that light of the Aura as that of a whited sepulchre, or as a radiation of pure light.

A.—It looks to me like pure light, like a solar ray undivided.

M.—Continue to look through the crystal, so that we understand, if possible, this strange vision.

A.—The man and woman are no longer upon the deck. The principal officers have let down something upon the water alongside the vessel, at least their movements seem to indicate this, but I cannot see what they have let down.

M.—Doubtless it is a boat, that some one on board has veiled with invisibility. Have you seen any other Passive than her whom you spoke of?

A.—No other.

M.—Then it is doubtless those who have left the deck who have concealed the boat.

A.—Why?

M.—Because it is admitted this power can only be exercised in Duality. Watch, watch always!

A.—The man and woman reappear upon the deck. They

seem to come from the inside of the vessel. Their hair is as black as the wing of a crow. Their complexion is similar to that of the inhabitants of the tropics, that the sun bronzes. They are clothed in poor garments like those who labour for their bread in the oak forests upon the western side of the northern continent. The man carries a basket of carved coral and carving tools. The woman carries a little basket in which something is found covered with dry and pressed oak leaves. They go down the rope ladder into that which has been lately let down, and they also become invisible to me, except their white Aura which is veiled with violet.

M.—This is sufficient for this time. Doubtless it is some one who has been Hierarchically chosen and who ventures, at the price of his life or liberty, within the fortress of disequilibrium.

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Atlantis, the Island of Oceanus, as large as a continent, in the shape of an apple a little lengthened at the top and with a short stem; from the point of the summit to the extremity of the short stem, that is to say from the west-north-west to the south-south-east, its length is H. H. H. H., and from the north-north-east to the south-south-west, its length is H. H. H.* The island is of volcanic origin and a little elevated above the sea level at the time of high tides when the moon is full. All its surface, except the parts where rises the rocky chain which crosses it, is covered with trees sufficiently scattered, so that the light of the sun freely penetrates everywhere; in the gardens under the fruit trees extends a carpet of thick verdure, of exquisite plants with flowers of many colours.

In the vast forest, amongst the venerable trees of different kinds, there are found only those which exist in that Island of Atlantis, trees whose bark shines with unequalled brightness, like the shell of the prettiest scarabæuses; whose leaves appear covered with a dust of precious stones, made

*Sign of Septenary Passivity.

with diamond, sapphire, ruby, emerald, rose and blue topaz powder. Around some of those trees, which rise above all the others, climbing plants intertwine, whose stems resemble serpents with brilliant scales and changing colours, whose leaves have the tint of the rainbow and appear powdered with precious gems, whose creamy or glossy flowers perfume the air with sweet and varied fragrance. Other trees have branches which bend down until they take root in the ground, thus forming a series of arches. Their trunks resemble large pillars of polished silver, and their innumerable arches are full of hanging flowers of all colours.

Here and there in certain glades are found trees of rest, each of which forms a pavilion.

Their branches bend towards the ground like those of the weeping willow which grows upon the banks of pure streams, but their foliage is as brilliant as that of the scarlet maple, and their violet flowers, in the form of a trumpet, from which hang branches of white stamens, disengage a perfume similar to the mingled odours of the large white poppy and heliotrope. In every season those flowers expand, and at every time those who lie down under the shade of that pretty tent rest in deep sleep.

Amongst the fruit trees, there is as much difference to be seen as amongst the others. Certain trees bear fruits which excite the various passions and give birth to irresistible impulses. Others drive to crime; others inspire those persons who eat of their fruits in the exercise of the virtues of every kind with which they are in active or passive affinity. Lastly, others produce mental alienation, from simple wrong, temporary loss of memory, to complete idiocy or furious madness.

The trees which produce those effects are not scattered throughout all the country indiscriminately, but confined within the part of the island which forms the short stem of the apple, and which is found to the south-south-west. Here they are like as in a garden, enclosed with such an effective barrier that no one can enter without special authority. This garden, in which they are looked after and protected,

is situated in the part of the stem which touches the apple. The other end of the stem, which stretches out into the ocean, is formed by a reef of low rocks, no part of which exceeds one hundred feet high.

Those strange fruit trees grow upon the borders of the stem, upon each side. The centre is planted with venerable trees of all kinds, under which extends a carpet of shining verdure, sprinkled with flowers of balmy fragrance, several of which are of rare beauty. As to the front of the reef of rocks, they are covered with climbing plants, so thick, that they leave nothing visible but a central arch, which appears as if Nature had excavated it from the solid granite. Upon this arch, at the two extremities, stand two enormous dragons, each having four paws armed with claws. Their tails and hind paws touch the ground, whilst their fore-paws meet in the middle of the arch. Their heads which are about a yard from one another, look down, so that their large eyes appear to look at those who approach the arch.

Those dragons are of solid gold, their heads are ornamented with opals, and their red eyes are luminous in themselves. Some of the inhabitants of the Island say that they owe their luminosity to perpetual lamps, whose clearness augments and becomes pale alternately. Others affirm that they are the eyes of living creatures.

The central arch is the entrance to the Cave Palace of the Archpriestess and Queen of Atlantis. No one knows whence or when she came to the Island, but popular legends say that she sprang up with the Island, when the latter suddenly emerged one day from the ocean depths. During long periods of time she dwelt alone in her Palace, and no being in human form penetrated within the enclosed garden, that beautiful male leopards with speckled hair, superb male tigers elegantly striped, and serpents with bristling crests, covered with splendid scales guarded. Afterwards, from time to time, she left Atlantis and returned after a more or less lengthened absence, with a chosen companion, whom she proclaimed High Priest and King with her.

After each of those journeys, she generally entered into

her kingdom, in a different likeness, newly assumed. But those who watch altogether the human and non-human watchers recognise her by her Aura, which reminds one of the colour of dark mother-of-pearl, or of the rainbow seen through a slightly dark fog. When she returns with her companion, there is great rejoicing in the Island during a whole year and a day, the longest known period that any companion has passed with her. During this time the spotted leopards and striped tigers leave the enclosed garden and prowl through the forest. When the companion has disappeared, they return to the garden. The serpents with the splendid scales never leave the garden.

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A moon has passed since the inhabitants of all ranks have left their cave-dwellings to come to pay welcome to the High Priestess and Queen, upon her return with her new companion. Whilst the ship with the ebony mast and black sails enters within the port, an immense crowd presses and approaches as far as it can, owing to the fiery coloured Aura which surrounds the companion. In the crowd is found a Coral Carver who has recently come to the Island of Atlantis, to seek work. He is poorly but becomingly clothed and has the swarthy complexion of a man that is bronzed by the sun. He stands in the midst of the crowd without making any effort to approach. His dust coloured cloak entirely covers him and his hood partly covers his face. But no person is astonished, because they believe he is come from the South Sea, where coral reefs rise, where the air, warmed by the sun, is always warm, even at night.

At the instant when the High Priestess and Queen puts her foot upon the ground, closely followed by her companion, a cry arises from the crowd, like one single voice: "Dain! Dain! the Immortal!" and a murmur of admiration is heard at sight of the marvellous beauty of Dain, who has taken the form and likeness of Aditya, whose whole being breathes excitement and fascination, instead of the repose and calm strength of holiness. She wears a short

tunic, sleeveless, formed of extremely fine shells, similar to pearls, which reminds one of the scales of fishes the colours of the rainbow, which are found in the warm waters of the South Sea. At each movement those shells shine and sparkle like phosphorescent water, when it is struck by the oars of the rowers, in a calm summer night without a moon.

Her hair, raised in thick rolls above her well-poised head, is sprinkled with moonstones, and bears at the top a small crown of superb opals, from which issue upon the front gold spirals, upon which are placed three spheres or balls the colour of rubies. Those balls appear to be self-luminous, and shine with a living intense light. Her sloped tunic allows her long and graceful neck to be seen, surrounded with a collar which represents a serpent with changing scales like those of her tunic, but still more flashing. The eyes of the serpent also shine with a living red light. Her feet are encased in sandals, where straps alike bear shells like pearls, and cross one another, around the leg, from the instep to the knee, where the tunic hides them. Those sandals are higher behind, to protect the heel, and are adorned in that part, with four scintillating wings, which have the form of the wings of the moth and the brightness of the scarabæus.

Dain. (to her companion who is in the likeness of Pavaka): Pass before me, Demoth.

The companion.—Why?

Dain.—So that I may see if you are in the likeness of Pavaka.

Companion.—Do not call me Demoth, and beg me not to pass before you, for I would like that even in your thoughts I should be Pavaka, and it is not proper that I should pass before you in your own Kingdom.

D.—Come then, place yourself upon my right. I do not wish that a Lord of the Region of Fire should stand hidden behind me. (*He takes the place that Dain indicates to him.*) Since you reject the name of Demoth, by what name do you wish to be known?

C.—Under the name of Karayati because with you I will force the Hierarchy of the Illuminated to disperse.

D.—Be it so. Why do you look at the crowd so curiously?

Karayati.—Because I perceive that there is not amongst all those men neither horse, dog, nor any other animal; how is this?

D.—When I awakened the sleepy subterranean fires, and caused this Island, my Kingdom, to emerge from the midst of the waters, I said to myself: "Being Immortal, what need have I for animals other than man?"

As she thus spoke, they enter within the depths of the forest, and the leopards and tigers approach them, they gambol around the feet of Dain uttering roars of welcome.

K.—From whom then are those formations?

D.—They are formations from Arg-Baruch who came here for some time, and who before leaving, said to me: "Since you will accept no benefit from my hand, I am going away, but I leave you as protectors non-human beings, so that your fascinating beauty may cause no quarrel nor division amongst them." And yet those beings appear to possess instincts almost human, since, although they may not do harm to my companion because it was my wish that brought him here, at his coming they leave the enclosed garden of the Palace and go into the forest.

K.—Have you then no more protection at this time, save the non-human?

D.—Oh! no. Knowing the nature of man, when Dhak came here, I profited from the strength of his fiery Aura to attract my first formation, who had left my Kingdom upon the arrival of my first companion, and who lives since upon the ocean. Then having carried him by stratagem under a tree of rest, whilst he lay in deep sleep, I utilised our Duality to form serpents with brilliant scales and superb crests. Those remain always undoubtedly within the enclosed gardens, for their blood differs from that of tigers or leopards, which approaches much more that of man. Now the bloods are the natural classifiers.

K.—Are human beings and those reptiles therefore the only earthly formations, which inhabit your Kingdom?

D.—Not quite. When the serpents had been formed and I had breathed into them the breath of life, I formed two large dragons. But when their eyes, which were the most developed, had received my Divine insuflation, which had only yet but partially penetrated their heads and the upper part of the vertebral column, I was interrupted in my work by the announcement of the sudden arrival of Dhak, so that I had only time to send my human aid to the sea, and of making the two monsters, half vitalised, take their position upon the entrance of the palace, before the arrival of Dhak.

K.—Dismiss those beasts, I beg of you. They caper and gambol at your feet, but at every movement I make, they look at me, and several times already I have felt upon my left foot the touch of a rough tongue, as if they wished to taste my blood.

D.—Assuredly, he whose blood they will taste, will be obliged to shed it entirely for their satisfaction. Go forward by a way as direct as you can, and enter into the enclosed garden, whilst I play with the tigers and leopards in the forest. When you will be in safety, blow the silver horn three times which is suspended near the gate.

K.—I have no desire to leave you.

D.—Do you prefer that nothing remain of you except the more rarefied states of your being? We have used all our care to form a body for you, do you wish the beasts to tear and devour it? Do you not see the eyes of the tigers look like fire, do you not hear the dull roaring of the leopards? Hasten to leave here, before it be too late, for truly they have never hated one of my companions as they hate you.

Karayati goes away towards the enclosed garden by the direct path that Dain pointed out to him, whilst she turned to enter into the depths of the forest, with the tigers and leopards which play around her.

D.—(To the leopards and tigers.) At length I am alone and I ask myself: What foolish work I do! It is a moon since I was exteriorised by leaving my earthly permanent

form under the protection of the crystallised waters which fall drop by drop from the arch of stalactites under my Palace. Concealed in the waters of the ocean, I have been carried towards the eastern shores, and there I saw the most beautiful mortal virgin I have ever seen. Now my object in quitting my Palace and enclosed gardens is the following. In a vision, during one of my rare times of rest, I have seen a Being towards whom all my being responds with all its strength. He was not only more beautiful than the sons of men, but prettier than any Immortal I have ever known, except Arg-Alif,* who is I know not where. This is why I was determined to go to search for him, if by chance he was incarnated upon the earth.

The waters bore me towards the shore of a bay in the northern continent, and I saw there the beautiful young girl who descended from the rocks. I soon said to myself: Here is she in whose form I will reincarnate myself. I pushed her on then to follow the descending tide, and when she had fallen, cold and feeble, upon the sand, at the instant when the flux returned, I prepared to take possession of her inanimate form. But a vigorous man carried her away suddenly before I had time to put my design in execution, and I then knew that the being of my vision in repose was also revealed to her.

Rage at seeing that I could not take possession of this young Passive had thrown me into such a gush of anger, that I was incapable of pursuing the man, who quickly bore her away. How terrible is this fury, which blinded me! Listen, my tigers and leopards, (she is seated at the foot of a gigantic tree with numerous leaves) lie down before me (they lie down). When coolness returned to me, I determined to form two bodies from the most radiant and rarefied earthly material at my disposal. Whilst I floated upon the surface of the ocean, the thought that Vishnu had in

*Arg Alf is the Chief of the Free Intelligences. The Free Intelligences are the first formations of Elohim, the veritable Workmen or "Masons" of the Cosmos; the Demiurgii, the nearest to us; the region of the Free Intelligences is the Scriptural *Seventh Heaven*.—Ed.

times of old violently agitated the waters of the sea, until they were white like milk, in order to prepare an immortal covering for the Divine Lakshmi, comforted me. I called once more to my help my first formation, whom I had formed in Atlantis, and whilst she slept, I fashioned two bodies, one of which was in the likeness of the being of my vision in repose, and the other in the likeness of the young mortal that the vigorous man had carried away.

I afterwards clothed myself with this last body, and transported the other out of reach of the waves, within a niche in the bank of rocks which stood between the sea and the forest. Next, turning myself towards the west and east, I evoked the being who appeared in that likeness. Listen, my tigers and leopards! Whilst I thus evoked, a luminous cloud the colour of fire appeared in the heavens already charged with heavy dark clouds. But in this cloud I could discern nothing, not being yet assimilated to the form in which I entered. I then said to myself: Now I am going to rest in the Rest of Assimilation!* Do not come too near me, my tigers and leopards, to protect me. (One of the tigers places his paw upon her knee.) Do not touch me, because your paws are wet with the dew of the herbs of the forest, and although my dress of changing pearls will not be hurt, yet we may perhaps find ourselves together some day when I will be clothed with finer garments. Now habit is a second nature. (She removes the paw of the tiger.)

When I awoke, the new companion was bending over me. I rose and we went together to the shore of the bay, where I first saw the beautiful mortal virgin whose form I had taken. Then we entered into a boat which was moored close to the beach, and we set out towards a vessel with an ebony mast, which awaited us in the deep waters. But at this time I observed to the north of our vessel a white light

*There are different Rests or Sleeps. This is the sleep of the being formed to assimilate the forces which have been infused therein. Every time that we enter within a different region from that in which we dwell, we must first undergo a period of Rest or Repose, during which we *assimilate* to the new condition.—*Ed.*

slightly tinged with a shade of sapphire. I said to my companion: What is that Aurlaid object that I see over there? if you know or can guess its nature, tell me. But he did not reply.

Whilst we crossed the ocean, I again saw the same Aura near to us, and I was troubled with a passionate envy for I knew not what, for this material body, which is so precious when it is assimilated paralyses me at present by deadening my perceptions. I tell you this, my tigers and leopards, because when I left the vessel I experienced the same feeling, and even now it is still strong even to oppression.

Pavaka (concealed under the shade of the trees and looking at Dain whilst he soliloquises).—How strangely does that fascinating Queen resemble Aditya and yet how much different from my beloved, whom I have veiled in invisibility until now, so that no person can see her, which is her safety!

Dain.—It is strange that Karayati has transformed the body which I prepared for him, into a body of such marvellous beauty, a beauty which is certainly not from his conception. Whence then has he taken his model?

Immediately the beasts skip forward and upon looking in that direction, Dain perceives a man, poor to all appearance, who stands under the shade of a tree, covered with a dust-coloured cloak, whose hood conceals a portion of his face.

Dain.—Flee to save your life, fool that you are, climb up some near tree, plunge into the stream, do as best you can, if you wish to save your life.

Pavaka.—I am not afraid at tigers and leopards for they will not hurt me, he says, and as he comes forth from the shade, *the beasts come and lie down caressing at his feet*, afterwards he turns back the hood of his cloak.

D.—Ah! it is you then who are the original upon the model of which I fashioned a covering for my companion. But upon taking it, he has disfigured your beauty. You are he whom in one of my rare Rests, I have seen, and for whom I left my Palace, to try to find you. Come with me.

my beloved, come with me to my garden of delights where there are springs of pure water and fruits of all kinds.

Upon saying this she advances towards Pavaka, but he gradually conceals himself in invisibility, so that he disappears from her sight.

D.—Alas! the Being of my vision is not incarnated. Scarcely have I seen him face to face, than he disappears like the morning mist, and with him my hopes of satisfaction. And yet I am sure that he is not the product of my thought only, as a possible entity in the future; I am sure that he exists veritably and in fact.

She stands motionless, absorbed in her thought. The rays of the sun which pass through the multi-coloured foliage cause her dress of changeable pearls to sparkle, along with the triune spheres of her diadem. Then she resumes: Listen, my tigers and leopards, and you dragons at the entrance, you superb and subtle serpents who never leave my garden of delights, tell me, what is the crown of equilibrium and what is the crown of disequilibrium? You preserve silence, very well! I will tell you: *The crown of equilibrium is Passivity satisfied; the crown of disequilibrium is Passivity unsatisfied.* (She laughs with sarcastic laughter.) Passivity! Passivity! we, Women, Passives! what illusion! Mortals or Immortals; we are only the leaven of the Cosmic wheat!

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The Cave Palace of the enclosed gardens, the Royal Palace of Atlantis, consists of a vast natural cave, which has been enlarged by excavations made by the hand of man, and which extends pretty far towards the west. This cave is ornamented everywhere with white and shining stalactites, which cover the walls with a thousand fantastic shapes, and which hang to the rounded arches in a clear and brilliant fringe like needles of new ice. The divisions of the cave and the excavation walls made by the hand of man are covered with a coating of pure rock crystal. Large steps lead from one chamber to another, because the floor of the cave is gently sloped; they are alike made of pure crystal,

in which are inserted rubies, emeralds, sapphires and yellow topazes. The floors are of fine mosaic in crystals of various colours.

To the heavy fringe of stalactites are suspended, in the centre arch, lamps of different colours. The roof of each chamber is lighted only by a light of one single colour, and the chambers are named according to that light: the sapphire, the ruby, emerald, yellow topaz, amethyst, carbuncle, or turquoise chamber. As to the tapestries which fall over the entrance of each chamber, they are made of heavy gold or silver tissues, richly ornamented with embroideries in silk of many colours. In each chamber recesses or niches of different sizes are formed, cut in the rock, or formed naturally. They are covered with thick carpet and silk cushions of rich colours, so as to form luxuriant couches. Upon the floor are thrown small carpets, thick and soft, the colouring of which is cleverly combined. But however beautiful they may be, they grow pale in comparison with the mosaic of crystal, of such rare beauty.

The lamps are never extinguished and their light is perpetual, like the heavenly light of the stars. No night is known in the Royal Palace of Atlantis. This is why its inhabitants, when they wish to repose in the shade, let down before their couch of rest curtains of different thicknesses, which vary in shade from light fleecy clouds to the deepest darkness. Everywhere is heard the murmur of the ocean, the murmur of its powerful voice which has resounded and will resound through the ages, since and towards the Timeless. And this murmur finds an echo in the precious stones, the crystals and fringes of stalactites which reply to it in gentle harmonies, so clearly that people believe they hear the voice of Aoual Himself, chanting in a low voice the mysteries of the past and the future which are the perpetual present. From time to time a light breeze agitates the air and diffuses everywhere the most exquisite fragrance. Every object is pleasant to those who touch it, so that the inhabitants of the Royal Palace experience a feeling of uninterrupted physical comfort. The respirable air is vitalised by the infu-

sion of nourishing ethers, proceeding from the four rarefactions, so that for those who repose, to breathe is to live in the fullness of Mental, Psychic, Nervous and Physical life.

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In the ruby chamber. Its walls of pure crystal are incrustured with scarlet passion-flowers delicately chased, whose petals are rubies, and whose long stamens terminate in a round gem of great value. The floor is covered with a fine mosaic of white and crimson crystals, and the thousand ever-burning lamps, which shine amongst the ten thousand sparkling stalactites cast a blood-red light. Upon the cushions of crimson silk, within one of the very sunken recesses of the crystal wall, Dain is stretched out. Her dark blue eyes are closed, and the long fringes of dark hair which border her eyelids almost touch her cheeks. Her rounded arms are crossed behind her head, which rests upon the palms of her small white hands. Her abundant wavy hair, the colour of pale gold, reaches to the thin ankles of her naked feet, delicately arched. She is clothed only in a tunic, without sleeves woven of unspun silk, fine as a spider's web.

She is asleep, and her respiration gently rises and falls, raising and lowering her round bust. A fresh and perfumed breath proceeds from her half-open lips which have the colour of the pomegranate arrived at maturity. Her upper lip in a graceful curve, is raised, as if she smiled in her sleep and exposes little white and pointed teeth, like pearls. Before the couch upon which she reposes, upon a carpet of variously combined and harmoniously tinted colours, thick like beds of moss which adorn the sides of the fountain in the enclosed garden, a superb tiger and leopard are stretched out. Their heads rest upon their black round paws. Their eyes are half-closed and their light snore mingles in feeble echoes with the great voice of the ocean.

Suddenly the massive curtains of crimson tissue embroidered with gold are removed, and a man of gigantic stature enters noiselessly, but the tiger and leopard pay no attention to him; it is Akohine, the chief eunuch of the Palace.

He stands near to the foot of the couch, motionless as a statue. Dain now opens her fringed eyelids and asks: Why are you here?

Akohine.—I am here by order of the Queen. The stranger who carves the coral, such as no person has ever seen carved, awaits at the garden gate, with his merchandise.

Dain.—Allow him to enter.

Akohine.—Has the Queen forgotten that the tiger and the leopard are there who guard? If the stranger enters here they will tear him in pieces.

Dain.—What matter, since they will not swallow the box of carved coral. Men abound. It is true that a workman such as the one you speak of is rare. But if this Carver is brave, if he fights boldly like a well trained wrestler, perhaps it may be that I shall be pleased to remove the beasts and spare his life.

Upon saying this Akohine retires with a serious countenance.

Dain.—I believe my companion delays. If I am not mistaken, he fears encountering with my guardians, for fear that some evil happens to this pretty body which I prepared and of which he has taken possession. It is even perhaps a thing he fears to lose, still more that the human form by means of which he can remain a man amongst the sons of men, and that thing is Dain, the Passive, who not only understands the form but also the nature of man.

Pavaka enters within the little vestibule which leads to the ruby chamber. He is only separated from it by the crimson and gold curtain, half drawn.

Pavaka (speaking to himself.)—My object in coming here is threefold. First, I wish to remove from that incarnation of Sheba-el-Ma* the form which she has taken in the similitude of Aditya. Next, I would like to obtain over this Queen of the Island such an influence, that she can repose under my protection. Lastly, my wish is to

*Sheba-el-Ma (or Dain,) a Being of the remote past, her power came to her from the waters.—*Ed.*

force the Lord of the Fire to abandon the body which he has appropriated in my likeness. But the will is not always the power.

Dain.—I hear a slight movement in the vestibule. It must be the Coral Carver. My guardians ought to see him when he enters, for it is when they are the sharpest that they seem to sleep, I also.

She lies down upon the cushions, her eyes closed, breathing softly like a sleeping person. The leopard and tiger are also stretched out, their eyes closed, as if they were asleep. Pavaka removes the curtains and enters into the chamber, after having removed his sandals. The hood of his cloak is lowered over his face, so that one sees only a dark beard.

Pavaka.—To the Archpriestess health and satisfaction. I have brought carved corals, as her Majesty commanded by the mouth of her principal eunuch who awaits outside. May it please the Queen to condescend to look at my handiwork?

No person replies, neither the beasts nor Dain give any signs of life, except by their calm respiration. "All asleep then," says Pavaka, "why should not I sleep likewise?" He deposits his box of corals in a niche of the crystal wall, and drawing his hood still further down over his face, he stretches himself out upon one of the deepest sunk couches the curtains of which he lets down, so as not to be seen by any person. He next directs his power over the beasts which sleep heavily. No sound breaks the silence save the stifled murmur of the ocean and the slight harmonies which resound now and again in the chamber.

Dain.—This silence and inaction are wearisome. Go, my spotted and striped guardians, stir up and amuse me! But how is this? they do not stir! for the first time they answer not my voice. (*She places her hand upon the head of the leopard which makes no movement, she sits half up and looks at the animals asleep at the foot of the couch*) this sleep is not simulated, it is a real, deep sleep. Who then is this new comer who has power to put asleep the beings of my formation

and who are under my particular influence? or rather do they chance to sleep? No, this is not a common Coral Carver come into my Island to gain his daily bread, who coolly takes possession of a couch and draws the curtains over him to conceal himself, as this man has done. Listen, yes, his deep and regular respiration denotes that he is asleep. All is well.

(She rises, crosses the chamber and approaches the couch where Pavaka is extended, she cautiously removes the curtains.) This bold Coral Vender sleeps profoundly, as profoundly as my tiger and leopard. Nothing is visible but the end of a dark beard which is not interesting. (She touches the beard gently.) Ah! this beard wants vitality, it is not made from hair sprung from bulbs, it is false. Decidedly this adventure becomes interesting! Who knows if the sleep of the sleeper is not also false? But I go to do it in reality, and perhaps a reality which will be eternal, for I do not like ruses and deceptions, at the home of others! (She makes passes over Pavaka and sings in a low voice :) Sleep, stranger, sleep and hear no more any other voice than that of the charmer; sleep, stranger, sleep. (Pavaka gradually ceases to breathe and lies motionless and silent.)

Dain resuming.—All will be well. (She lifts the hood and touches the short fringe of dark hair which conceals his forehead.) Just as I suspected, this is false also. (She removes the strip of hair and then raises the curtains completely, so that the crimson light falls fully upon the face of Pavaka; she trembles and draws back) what does this signify? this is the demi-god of my vision, it is he, in the likeness, of whom I fashioned the body which my present companion has taken possession of!

Whilst she stood thus, with hands interlaced, contemplating the motionless form of Pavaka, a stifled cry similar to that of a night bird, resounds in the silence. It is the warning cry of the principal eunuch. But Dain, too much absorbed in her thoughts, has not heard it. The curtains at the entrance of the chamber are turned aside and the companion appears. Seeing that the beasts are asleep he en-

ters without noise and with precaution. But he sees Pavaka, stretched out, motionless, upon the couch, and Dain who looks at him in silent transport. Then uttering a ferocious cry of rage and jealousy, he casts himself upon Dain and surrounding her with his right arm, he puts his left hand upon her mouth, so as to prevent her from calling for help. Surprised and troubled Dain loses her coolness and defends herself only as a woman can do. But he pushes her brutally towards the couch that she had left, when immediately, he feels her form get heavy, as if life abandoned it. He utters a foolish cry and lets go his prize. The form falls heavily upon the ground. Karayati repulses her with his foot. This is but a shell thinks he, whose core has been swept away. Dain has rejected it as she would have done an outer garment. And he surrounds the body with his fiery Aura until it is entirely consumed.

Pavaka (*in sleep*) : Thus is accomplished my first design.

Whilst Karayati is absorbed looking at the division and molecular transformation of the body, as by a hot fire, from the vestibule bursts forth an iridescent tinted ray which crosses the chamber and concentrates itself upon the destroyer. When his work of death is terminated and the impulse of passion appeased within him, he suddenly turns round, and seeing again Pavaka, whom he had forgotten, he utters an exclamation of surprise and defiance and draws from his sash a dagger. He advances to strike him, but it is in vain that he tries to proceed from the iridescent light with which he is enveloped, and in which he is finally constrained to remain motionless. "Lost! lost!" he cries, "it is the light of Aoual!" and his Nervous Being is gradually withdrawn from its physical envelope.

In the meanwhile the tiger and leopard have awakened and prowl around the rainbow light without entering therein, sometimes roaring, sometimes fawning. Immediately a fiery cloud appears in the radiant dome of the chamber and receives the Nervous Being of Karayati who becomes invisible. But his body, in the likeness of Pavaka, remains nevertheless standing in the midst of the iridescent light.

Then a Nervous Form of superhuman beauty materialises in the density of the ray which sprang forth from the vestibule, enters in its turn into the light and permeates the form that Karayati has been forced to abandon. At its arrival the thousand lamps with red light have taken a rainbow tint, so that the dome of the chamber appears like a series of rainbow circles, which throw a soft radiance upon the sparkling fringe of stalactites. Then Aoual withdraws the light, which gradually disappears, and rests a moment, lulled by the melodious harmonies which mingle with the murmur of the waves. He afterwards rises and goes towards the crystal niche in which Pavaka reposes in profound sleep. "Pavaka, Pavaka, awaken, awaken!" he says to him. Pavaka raises his eyes, heavy with sleep, and seeing standing by his side the form in his likeness that Karayati had assumed, tries to stand up, but he falls back, weakened by the drowsiness, saying: "Thou hast found me, Oh! my enemy."

Aoual.—I am not your enemy, wake up, wake up.

He puts his left hand upon the base of the brain and his right hand upon the forehead of Pavaka, who awakens gradually to full consciousness.

Pavaka.—Since I have been stretched out in this place nothing of that which is past is clear to me. I thought or dreamt that the lamps were the colour of rubies, and behold they shed a rainbow and radiant light like a prismatic ray; I thought that the Queen of this strange domain rested upon her couch, near to which stood a tiger and a leopard, and behold the couch is empty. At last it seemed to me that the Queen arose and approached me, as I did seem to sleep, and that her hands touched my face. After that I remembered nothing more.

Aoual.—That which has passed here is for yourself and all the others, as if it never existed. Rise, Pavaka, return home, and henceforth do not allow yourself to be carried away by any motive, however pure and powerful it may be, to put yourself in touch with Grand Passives, with the object of being able to utilise them, otherwise you will soon cease to be Pavaka. This is an advice and not an order.

All things are legitimate to us, but all things are not advantageous.

Pavaka (rising.)—How can I thank you, Oh! my Saviour.

Aoual.—Do not thank me, I did not come because of you.

Pavaka leaves the chamber followed by the leopard and tiger which give a groan of satisfaction. Aoual stretches himself upon the couch that Pavaka left and rests as asleep in the splendour of his rainbow light. Soon a tapestry is lifted and Dain enters in the form in which she was exteriorised before leaving her Palace in her vision search. She is a small dark woman, admirably made and of rare, fascinating beauty. She still wears the crown with the three ruby globes, self luminous, and her dress is of that same luminous ruby colour, with sprinklings of dark pearls. "How beautiful it is!" she cries, "each hanging lamp is changed into a rainbow globe, which the crystal reflects the brightness of. Very marvellous is the power of him whom I lulled to sleep, when that Lord of the Region of Fire entered and, because of the strange transformation that the presence of the Coral Carver operated in me has been able to deceive and lord it over me . . . may his name be forever—but what is the consequence? behold my lips, which are however accustomed to curse, refuse to pronounce here the word of malediction! (She approaches Aoual and utters an exclamation of surprise.) It is the same and yet not the same. It seems to me that he who rests in sleep now, as compared with him whom I left here, is like Sirius in comparison with the moon. Is it possible that the change of outward form, by which alone we are in relation with the outer world, changes at this period our Nervo-Physical feeling, or is it rather because of the evolution of this body that I have taken in different renewals through æons of time, that I discern such a ravishing beauty in this Coral Carver? How marvellous his beauty! how exquisite are the harmonies which are said to be the echoes from a concert of harpists in the distance, when they lightly touch the strings of their golden harps. Since I rocked him to sleep, he is become a thousand

times more beautiful, I will rock him into a still deeper sleep, I will rock him into sleep forever, my delight, my all-beautiful, so that nothing can separate him from me!"

She then bends over Aoual and places her lips upon his in a long embrace, whilst the rainbow envelops her and mingles with her Aura. She next sings sweetly :

"Sleep, stranger, sleep,
It is Sheba-el-Ma who rockest thee,
Sleep, stranger, sleep."

Whilst she repeats this chant the rainbow light penetrates her more and more, and she leans against one of the crystal pillars which encircle the couch upon which Aoual is stretched. Soon her eyes are closed, and Aoual rises to carry her to the couch that she had left to rock Pavaka to sleep. At the same time he sings to her in a sweet and melodious voice :

"Repose, repose, child of the dark heavens,
Repose, repose, star of the dawn,
Thou art, alas! only a wandering star,
Although thou art from five and seven,
But it is because no man has had strength
To guide thy bounding steps
In the straight and white way which leads to equilibrium,
That the iridescent tints of the rainbow which penetrate thee
Come to mingle with the unsteady lights of thy gloomy Aura,
Rest thee. That which is is not that which might be.
The evening stars always await thee; they await their Queen."

Dain (in Trance Sleep, placing her hand in that of Aoual.)
How sweet and refreshing this repose! Coral Sculptor, do you love me?

Aoual.—Profoundly, otherwise, why should I be there?

Dain.—It is true, at the risk of your life, you entered into my Enchanted Palace, promise me never to leave it.

A.—You have justly guessed that I am not what I appear. What would you say if we some day left Atlantis together to go away to my own Kingdom, the Kingdom which I have prepared for thee?

D.—It matters little if I am with thee.

A.—This is true, love is the Kingdom of the Passives.

they would give all that they have to obtain it, and they estimate there is nothing lost, if they arrive there.

D.—How strange is this repose! it is like a transformation! Where are my foolish passions, my ungovernable impulses, my plans for the seduction, deception and fascination of man? Even the indifference which I experience at times regarding him vanishes and I feel towards him, almost good will, at least within toleration.

A.—Rest, child of night.

D.—Those only can rest who are satisfied.

A.—It is true.

D.—I, Immortal, have taken the form of a mortal. Amongst all mortals thou alone can satisfy me. Coral Carver, carve my destiny, (to herself) until I carve thine!

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When Pavaka had determined to enter into the Enchanted Palace of Dain, he had concealed his intention from Aditya, for fear that she might wish to accompany him, or seek to dissuade him from his enterprise, for he said to himself: "If Aditya accompanies me into that Palace, what guarantee shall I have that Dain does not see her in her proper surrounding and do her evil? The thought of the danger that she might run would rouse all my coolness.

If upon the other hand Aditya tries to dissuade me from my enterprise, which has for his object the accomplishment of certain important works, I ought either to renounce my purposes, or conscientiously act against her wish. It is therefore preferable that I say nothing to her, and that I place her in the Sleep of Repose until my return."

Having done this, and after having put Aditya to sleep, when he saw that she rested peacefully, he said to her: "The sun is now in its meridian splendour. Do not awaken, my beloved, until it return to the height of its course in the azure vault." Pavaka did not dare to tell Aditya to sleep until his return, for fear that, if some misfortune happened to him, then no person would be capable of awakening her. He then set out.

The next day, when the sun shone anew at the summit of the heavenly vault, Aditya awoke calmly, and not finding Pavaka near her at her awakening, according to her custom, she rose and went into the outer chamber of their little and poor dwelling, to prepare the mid-day meal, for they lived like poor people, so as not to attract attention and appear otherwise than those who work for their daily bread. Finding the chamber empty she took the fish roe which she had prepared the day before, along with the flour of a certain bean and other ingredients pre-eminent in nourishment, and deliberately prepared the repast. Afterwards, when all was ready, she awaited calmly, thinking that, as the sea was calm he had perhaps gone to the boat to fish with roe, which formed one of their most sustaining nourishments, but then hours slipped past and Pavaka did not return.

When the sun was set and the shadows of the evening stretched over the waters, an undefined but ever growing presage of danger took possession of Aditya. But she ventured not to go out of her dwelling, for Pavaka had urgently warned her never to leave it during his absence, for fear that she might become visible, being too far away from him, and that she might excite curiosity because of her great beauty. She remained therefore near to the entrance of their cave dwelling, waiting anxiously for the sound of his footsteps.

When the last gleams of daylight had disappeared from the western horizon, the wind suddenly arose and rapidly increased. It raised the waves and shook the trees of the forest with great roarings which reached unto the cave where Aditya watched, then lost itself in moanings in the distance. Gradually Aditya felt her courage abandon her and great fear invaded her.

At midnight, when a column of dark light abruptly sprung up from the Palace gardens in the darkness, to mark the hour, a squall of wind uprooted a large tree which fell with a terrible crash before the entrance of the cave dwelling. Aditya at this time dragged herself into the inner

chamber and lay down upon the couch where Pavaka had for the first time held her hand in his own, making every effort to recover her composure and to discern what she should do. Whilst she is thus lying very tranquil, with her eyes closed, although calmness has returned to her, she has an increasing presentiment that Pavaka is in danger, and the certainty that he has entered into the Enchanted Palace, from which he cannot get out. She is determined to set out in search for him, saying: "If I am capable of retaining invisibility, I could perhaps enter into the Palace, find him and save him! If I am discovered, I can at the most only lose my two outer envelopes, for over my soul the Hostiles have no power."

In the meanwhile rising, she covers herself with a thick cloak with a hood which she attaches firmly, then crossing the outer chamber, she goes into the dark forest although filled with the roarings of the wind and waters, the moanings and crackings of the giant trees, bent and broken by the violence of the wind. Although she has never been at the garden enclosure, yet she knows the direction in which it lies, by the column of gloomy light which ascends at the midnight hour, and she also knows that upon the north side of a narrow belt of forest and thick bushes there lies a path which leads to the southern enclosure of the garden. But at the moment when she proceeds from the cave, a squall of wind, more violent than the others, lifts her up and throws her down upon the ground, where she remains stunned close by the uprooted tree.

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Every year, at the anniversary of the day when Tzere, Queen of the Isles, refused to follow Aoual, because of the great grief which she felt when he called Maob the Immortal to his aid,* Aoual proceeds to a solitary Isle of the Sea to lament with Tzere and hear her voice mingled with that

*Maob the Immortal is a Passive who derives her origin from Aoual, and this origin goes back to a very remote past, a long time before this our seventh classification of matter.—*Ed.*

of the ocean, if evoked. That custom he has never missed, for he said: "At the time when I was exhausted and very much fatigued, the Queen of the Isles was my giver of repose."†

To the north of the bay where Aditya had descended, at the festival of the new moon, after she had received the crown of oak leaves and the Silver Sickle, stands a small Isle which is scarcely twenty miles long and seventeen wide. Its beauty lies in its uninterrupted forest of venerable oaks which entirely covers it, and descends unto the coast of the Atlantic. Aoual is seated under an immense oak with a gigantic trunk. He appears to listen attentively near to the side of the south-west beach, then he says:

"Thou hast brought me, Oh! Seventh Wave of Oceanus, not the voice of Tzere, my Queen of the Isles, but that of a Daughter of Vellah,† who laments like a dove whose nest has been ravaged by the bird catcher. The voice of lamentation comes from the direction of the Enchanted Isles, the Kingdom of Reich Sheba Ma. Assuredly there is some

†"I have never found thee insufficient," said Aoual to Tzere. "No person loves me so much as Tzere, Tzere who was my repose, at the time of my greatest debility! . . . I will always love thee; my feelings towards thee are those of complete gratitude, thou art forever free; when thou wishest to return to earth, call me by the name thou gavest me; it will be Tiphères (Aoual) who will respond to thee." See *Tradition*. In order that the Reader may better understand the above it is necessary to give a few details. Lamkhialah was the Passive of Lamkhial whom he had abandoned, and who by her own desire became united to the First Emanation, Aoual, in human form, who under the form of Lamkhial resided in the *Isles of the West*. Lamkhial was disintegrated by Devo after three days' struggle. Devo tried to get possession of his body, but although the body was separated from its more rarefied states, its own Vitality remained so powerful that he could not accomplish his design. Kahi removed the body of Lamkhial to his own dwelling and deposited it in the waters of crystallisation. The Emanation, as already said, took possession of the body of Lamkhial.

From the time that Aoual and Lamkhialah are thus united *Tradition* calls them by new names which indicate their actual state. The First Emanation is henceforth called *Tiphères*, because of his beauty, and the Passive of Lamkhial is named *Tzere* because the *Isles* became her dwelling.

—*Ed.*

†The Daughters of Vellah are spoken of in *The Chronicles of Chi* as being conceived and living under the powerful influence of Vellah (Venus); it is upon the History of the Daughters of Vellah that is established the vulgarised legend, relating how the Sons of God saw that the Daughters of Men were beautiful. (*Gen. vi, 2.*)—*Ed.*

danger for that Passive who thus laments, not without cause. Blow, Oh! wind from the east, and carry me upon thy rapid wings towards the Enchanted Isle; return quickly, Seventh Wave and say to the Daughter of Vellah who laments: 'Thy help through knowledge will come to thee carried upon the wings of the wind.' '*

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Aoual has descended near to the uprooted tree which had fallen before the entry of the cave dwelling of Pavaka, and by the side of which lies the senseless form of Aditya. The tempest rages, the ground is strewn with leaves and branches and at every moment large branches still fall, violently torn. Aoual looks at Aditya: "Thou art beautiful," says he, "like a Daughter of Vellah who has loved and been loved. But alas! poor child, the man who sports with temptation, who has been rocked to rest by Sheba Ma, is rarely such as he was before. Yet I have no proof that he to whom thou belongest dwells in the Enchanted Palace, and I will not even take thy hand in mine to cause thee to repose, for fear there may be confusion, until I know with certainty that which I suppose." He turns towards the four quarters of the world, saying:

"Listen, Oh! Kings of the Tempests, Lords of the Inner Air, increase the violence of the storm ten times more, if you please, but allow not the slightest breeze to enter within the Aura which surrounds that Passive. As for us we shall enter into the garden enclosure and go to the Palace of Dain. Rest, pretty Daughter of Vellah, rest, Aditya, Queen of the Seventh Wave, rest and dream that thy most cherished desire is realised, that thy most ardent wish be accomplished, until either Pavaka or Aoual awake thee to a different consciousness."

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Dain.—Thou hast satisfied me and I rest.

*"He rode upon a Cherub as they fly. He is borne upon the wings of the wind." (*Psalms* xviii, 10.)—*Ed.*

Aoual.—Rest, beautiful child of the evening and morning and awaken to Intellectual Illumination.

D.—Thy voice is melodious, rock me so that I sleep by singing.

A.—Child of evening, rest, Oh! rest, until daylight appears and the shadows flee away. Thus only wilt thou be of the Blessed in time and eternity. (As Aoual chants thus, a sapphire ray is emitted from His rainbow Aura light and envelops Dain while she sleeps.)

D.—I said, a short time ago: "thou hast satisfied me and I repose," but now an Intellectual thirst awakens in me. If you wish that I rest, satisfy this thirst also.

A. (gaily).—Do you desire knowledge regarding the Coral Carver?

D.—No, but rather upon the Isle of the Sea where the corals have their dwelling, upon the Isle where pearls abound, in short upon the Sacred Isle from which it is said you come; or rather, if the news is true, that you are from the City of the Heights which form the roof of the earth; tell me about that place.

A.—Why do those places have such a great charm for you?

D.—Because that the Isle and the City, which men call Sacred are, along with another Isle and City, the only places where I have never been able to enter in material form.

A.—Question me and I will reply to you.

D.—Is it true that the principal formations in human form, of the numerous eras, when the Formators tried to establish their Kingdom upon earth, and consequently to subdue us, are always incarnated in the Sacred Isle?

A.—No.

D.—Your reply is brief and categorical. But I detest to be replied to in monosyllables. Satisfy me, or rather tell me distinctly that you cannot or will not do so.

A.—Question me and I will reply to you.

D.—Do those formations take and leave their material envelope at pleasure, in such a way that they can, in invis-

ibility and under the protection of Ad-Ad,† or Aba,‡ prepare a straight way through my Kingdom for the accomplishment of the passage, which, according to the belief of that which is called the Sacred Hierarchy, will be the sign of the Restitution?

A.—You have guessed it. Reply to me in your turn. Why, seeing that you have said that we were one hereafter, do you speak of the Nervous State as being yours? I am a veritable Earthly Man, but I have the power of exteriorising myself at pleasure, not only unto the Nervous Degree of the Physical State, but also unto the Nervous State itself. Upon your part, you have the power of taking at pleasure a human body. Thus united, for us the Nervous and the Nervo-Physical States are one, as they ought to be, in order, and “subjugation” or “conflict” ought not to exist for us.

D.—This view of the question and situation is serious. I shall reflect for a short time—(after a moment’s silence) when you are therefore near to me, when you hold my hand in yours, I feel that the powers of our Auras are rather yours than mine. Go then to the couch where I rocked you to sleep and conceal it in shadow so that I no more feel your Aura envelop me.

Aoual rose and returned towards the couch where Dain lulled Pavaka to sleep. He concealed it in shadow, but, he did not conceal his Aura light from Dain. Dain closes her eyes and remains absorbed in deep thought. At this time Pavaka enters the vestibule and lightly raises the curtains at the entrance of the chamber with precaution. Aoual,

†The Kingdom of Ad-Ad the Pre-eminent borders upon the region of the Hostile. Ad-Ad is the Chief of the Free Intelligences, banished, rejected by their companions as partisans of individualism, at the time of the formation of the state of Pure Spirit. It is the name given by the Assyrians to one of the Attributes of the Divinity.—*Ed.*

‡Aba, sometimes known as “The Strong by Right,” the “All Merciful,” was the representative Man of the *Sixth Formation*, as Kahi was in the Seventh, or our present Formation—the period of Cosmic Life where we now are—and as Kahie was the Passive of Kahi so was Ama the Passive of Aba.—*Ed.*

seeing him, rises and rejoins him. "Why," says he to him, "have you returned from the Enchanted Garden? Did we not advise you to return to your own home?"

Pavaka.—I have been unable to get out of the enclosure. Something stronger than I kept me back. It is not the will that fails me, but the power.

Aoual.—Enter quietly into the chamber, and rest there where I rested, in sleep, without dreams, until we awaken you.

Pavaka lies down upon the couch which is veiled.

A. (approaching Dain).—I did not wish to put your patience to the test, when I replied so briefly to you. Rise, now, my beloved, rise and come with me. Come with me to the Sacred Isle. There I will satisfy thee.

D. (quickly rising).—Bring me out of this country, I will follow thee in haste, (to herself) thus shall I be at least in the midst of the Central Hierarchy, for what object? who knows? (Aoual takes her right hand in his left and they leave the chamber together.)

Harmonious melodies resound sweetly through the chamber. Immediately two large serpents with bristling crests enter and glide through the vestibule. They approach the couch upon which Pavaka reposes, and twist about hissing, but they cannot enter within the rainbow Aura which surrounds and protects him, and they go away crawling as they came. Next it is the tiger and leopard which enter in their turn within the chamber and come prowling around Pavaka, roaring ferociously. But they can no more approach him and they also leave the chamber. Melodies still resound in the air and with them is mingled the sound of fifes and cymbals, accompanying a chorus which resounds like a song of triumph:

"Thou art rocked in sleep, Pavaka,
Thou wilt awaken no more,
For it is the chant of Dain which lullest thee,
By the charm that never fails."

In the meantime the tapestries which close the entrance

to the chamber are removed and Aditya enters. She is very pale and dressed in a light blue robe, with a rainbow coloured scarf as a sash. At her entry the song of triumph vanishes into a confused sound of lamentation and all is silent, save the murmur of the sea. She kneels down before the couch where Pavaka sleeps and takes his hand in hers saying: "In the name of the First Formed who sent me, awake, my true friend, awake."

As Pavaka wakes up and rises, the serpents, tigers and leopards fill the vestibule by hissing and roaring. "Alas!" says he, "my beloved, it is too late, it is too late! Look, there are the two monsters which defend the gate of the Enchanted Garden, when I tried to return to thee. In this chamber we are protected by the light of Aoual, but once we will have left it, we will be torn to pieces by those ferocious beasts. Alas! how can I save my dearest one from the jaws of those monsters?" He grasped Aditya in his arms to protect her. But he felt then that the last effect of the charm of Dain was dissipated: "My beloved, my beloved," he cried, "the charm of Love can break all other charms."

As he spoke thus, the end of the chamber opens and lets the calm sea appear, enlightened by the moon, along with the narrow belt of coast which separates the cave from the ocean. Pavaka and Aditya soon prepare to leave the chamber, but at this time a small boat with sails the colour of the rainbow comes near the shore. In this boat Dain is lying in deep sleep upon cushions, and Aoual stands at the prow. He makes a sign to them not to advance, and they stop under the entrance vault of the cave. Aoual then says to Pavaka: "Do not leave Atlantis. When I was in the Isle of Oaks to listen if I could hear the voice of Tzere, the Queen of the Isles, but as I heard the lamentation of Aditya, I consecrated the latter the Queen of the Isles whence the voices from the Daughters of Vellah came to me, viz: the Isle which is as the penenim of the South Sea and the little Isle of Oaks. As a gift of consecration, I give to you with her who are as one single being, dominion over

this vast Island of Atlantis, which has been heaved up from the depths of the ocean by the subterranean fires excited to activity by the Fire Kings. It is with you to preserve equilibrium in yourself, so that you can equilibrate the formations of this kingdom from disequilibrium."

Pavaka.—Are we capable of doing this, if so, by what means can this great work be accomplished?

Aoual.—The cause of disequilibrium is excess. It is for you to furnish to that which is feeble that which is wanting, and to clear away that which is excess, where necessary. You will thus arrive at the just balance of formations and to the evolution which will result from it.

P.—But what will happen, if, whilst, I develop others towards equilibrium, I myself fall into disequilibrium?

A.—The love which can break the charm of Dain the Enchantress, as a lion breaks a string which binds it, is your safeguard. Watch so that every cave dwelling, great or small, is opened towards the ocean, so that the voice of the Seventh Wave can put those who have ears to hear into relationship with Aditya the Queen of the Isles, Aditya the Diviner of the Seventh Wave.

Thus spoke Aoual and the boat slowly left the shore. But a gust of wind raised his cloak, which fell upon the shoulders of Pavaka. At this time the iridescent lamps of the cave paled in the clearness of the rising sun. Only one lamp upon the summit of the vault still shines with a pure white light which even surpasses in splendour the star of day.

Pavaka (bringing back Aditya into the cave.)—All other earthly lights turn pale before the radiance of the sun which is the symbol of intelligence, but the light of Duality, which comes from Pathetism, can never become pale, even before the sun.

Aditya.—Look, in proportion as the rays of the sun enter within the cave, so each crystal shines with the rainbow light from the light of the Aura of Aoual; listen also to the Seventh Wave which speaks from the shore.

P.—And what does it say, this voice of the Seventh Wave?

A.—“Man for man. The Immortals for the Immortals.”

P.—I do not understand the meaning of the speech, seeing that we are all equally human.

A. (to herself).—That is true, but have we not both rested under the influence of the Immortals?

There is a warning in the voice of the Seventh Wave.

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A calm night in summer. The sky is hidden by mist. The boat, in which Dain is asleep, is moored to the shore of the Isle of Oaks, where Aoual had heard the lamentation of Aditya. Aoual sleeps under the branches of a large oak. A fiery light gradually penetrates the mist around the boat, and from that light issues forth a Being in human similitude, who takes form in the Nervous Degree of being and enters the boat.

The Being.—Reich Sheba Ma!

Who calls me from the region of repose?

Being.—He who, since you heard him, is more powerful than him who has lulled you into this fatal repose.

D.—Why fatal?

Being.—Because you are not, as you are made believe by enchantment, under the influence of the Coral Carver that you can shake off at pleasure, as your tigers and leopards extricate themselves from the meshes of a spider's web. Under what influence do you think you repose?

D.—What does it matter when it gives me rest?

Being.—What matter! is it really Sheba Ma who speaks! What matter, when her only object in her incarnations is to place herself in relation with mortals, although she be in relation with an Immortal! What matter, when instead of influencing, it is she who is influenced, when instead of impressing, it is she who is impressed!

D.—(opening her eyes and rising half up). Impressed! I! What foolishness is this?

Being.—Try to leave the boat and you will judge for yourself if I speak foolishly or not.

Dain rises hurriedly and tries to leave the boat, but she is stopped by an Invisible Power.

Being.—Utter no exclamation, for fear that your jailer awaken and that all may be lost. Your only hope of liberty is in the Evocation of the King of the Regions of subterranean Fire.

D.—I do not wish even to have liberty to go down into that Region, and pass from light to darkness. I will not make that Evocation. I want to rest myself, whatever be the consequence.

Being.—Before you decide to repose here, I beg of you to listen to me yet a moment. You will afterwards have time enough for your wished-for rest.

D.—Speak then and make haste.

B.—She that you saw dragged to the flux of the sea, who advanced to be swallowed up, she whose likeness you took, is one in Duality of Being with Pavaka, the pretended Coral Sculptor. They have both entered into the Island which, according to your wish, we heaved up from the depths of the ocean, for you to make a lasting Kingdom of, upon which you will have absolute dominion, and from which you can influence the earth and man.

D.—Ah! and with what object?

B.—To be able, with the assistance of Aoual, who during your absence from the ruby chamber, has taken the envelope rejected by your companion, to entrance you and banish you from Atlantis. It is not Pavaka, but indeed Aoual who now sleeps over there under the oak with the large branches.

D. (to herself.)—Have I not observed in fact the increase of beauty and power of him that I evoked to sleep! But they lie so often, with every appearance of truth, those Hostiles to earth and man. Nevertheless the fact that I cannot without help leave this boat gives to the words of that Being some semblance of truth— (in a high voice) and the true Pavaka, the Coral Carver?

Being.—He rules with Aditya, that Aoual has made sleep under his influence and that he has consecrated Queen of the Sacred Isles, over your Island of Atlantis, so as to defeat your work, to subjugate your subjects, and to make of Atlantis a new Sacred Island.

Dain (angrily).—This shall never be! Listen, Kings of the Powers of the Air, the Earth, the subterranean Fires, I, Sheba Ma, the Immortal, I, Dain, the Queen of Atlantis evoke you! Let him who is greatest in power, the most hostile to the Sacred Hierarchy, respond to my Evocation!

As she thus spoke, in a slow and scanned rhythm, the sky was suddenly covered with heavy clouds from which burst forth lightnings; the thunder growled and the wind shook the large oaks of the forest.

A voice from the depths of the earth.—I have heard your Evocation, Queen of Enchantment and Sorcery, and my wish is to come to help you. But we cannot materialise because of the power of him who rests over there beneath the oak and who, indeed is Aoual, the First Formed.

Serve me in such a manner as you please, provided that your help is efficacious.

The Voice.—Upon one condition, and only one, we will aid you.

D.—I will make no conditions with any person.

All is then silent. The Being with whom Dain has conversed, vanishes in the fog, and the mist disperses under the wind which increases. Aoual rests motionless, his eyes closed, apparently indifferent to all that which is outside.

The Voice *resuming*.—We will aid you under one sole condition.

D.—I never accept conditions.

Voice.—We are different, we always do.

D.—Be it so, between you and me rises a wall of separation. (then she listens, but all becomes silent, and the darkness always augments; she resumes.) In this cursed boat I can see nothing, hear nothing, feel nothing! I would give worlds to know if that which is said to me of Atlantis, my own Kingdom, the seat of my power, is true!

Voice.—Ask Aoual, he who has imposed no condition upon you, by whom you are a prisoner.

D. (passionately).—Lord of the subterranean Fires that I have evoked, and that I still invoke, tell me the condition you require, so that I may see if I can accept it or not.

Voice.—Our condition is that you come to our Kingdom of Fire, where we have need for a developed and immortal Passive. This condition granted, there is nothing that the Great Enchantress can claim from us, but what we shall do all in our power, cost what it may, to give her.

D.—And if I refuse to accept that condition?

Voice.—We will leave you to the mercy of Aoual, and Tradition will relate how the First Formed, who, in the sixth classification, had already transformed his Great Grandmother into a white bear, imprisoned her in a boat in the seventh classification, after having entranced her, and driven her away by ruse from her own Kingdom.

D.—And if I accept your services?

Voice.—Exteriorise and leave only your outer envelope in the boat. Descend in Nervous Being to the Regions of Fire, there we will reclothe you. In the same manner as into the springs and deep waters we cannot enter freely, so Aoual cannot enter into the Fiery Regions. But you are free, free to remain the slave of Aoual, or to reign all-powerful in the Region of Fires.

D.—Better rule in the Fire than serve in the White Light, (a prolonged silence) only the murmur of the waves are heard. (With anger): May all the Sons of Light be cursed! cursed for ever! I can no more execute my own will, I cannot exteriorise! I am imprisoned, not only in the boat, but in my own body! Aoual, if you are him truly, or Coral Sculptor, whoever you may be, render, me my liberty!

Aoual rises and enters into the boat which becomes radiant with rainbow light.—I have heard you pronounce my name, and here I am. What do you desire?

D.—I had a passionate desire, but it is forgotten. Make me repose. I ask nothing of you but make me rest.

Aoual.—Repose.

Dain lies down upon the cushions at the feet of Aoual.—How beautiful thou art, Son of the Morning, thou who art Man, and who art more beautiful than any child of man.

Aoual.—Repose, Daughter of Night. Thou art more powerful than the daughters of men. Who can be compared with thee in subtlety and in bewitching beauty. Listen, I will make thee sleep by lulling thee by my song which will accompany the murmur of the waters.

He commenced a low and monotonous chant, without words, which followed the murmur of the waters. Dain stretched herself out upon the cushions in the boat and slept. A dull rumbling, like the rolling of distant thunder resounds in the meantime under the earth, followed soon by a trembling of the ground: "The King of the Fires," says Aoual, "is filled with anger, because I have baffled his plans, and this rumbling is as a voice of warning."

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Pavaka and Aditya are seated under the vault of the chamber which is open towards the ocean.

P.—No man can be evolved against his will. Notwithstanding all our efforts, there are only a few of the inhabitants of Atlantis who have consented to open their cave-dwellings towards the sea. The great majority stands to its ancient custom, and prefers the caves lighted by lamps, to the brightness of the sun, moon and stars.

A.—Yet they are sufficient to form our Hierarchy.

P.—That is true, there are the four who were the first to open their dwellings to the light, then the twelve who followed and the multiples of twelve until twelve times twelve, a total of 940. We have thus the double enclosure and the sign of plasticity.

A.—That is good. But I would like that all would open their habitations.

P.—Evolution, even with the aid of man, is slow. Perhaps with time most people will one day be lovers of the light.

A.—With time! with time! Who knows whether sufficient time may yet remain for them to realise that evolution.

P.—Why does my beloved thus speak so sadly?

A.—Last night I had a dream which haunts me.

P.—What dream?

A.—I dreamt that I heard the voice of him who saved us; you from the power of Dain and I from the Spirits of the Tempests of the forest.

P.—And what said the voice?

A.—The voice, which addressed itself to you and not to me, said: "Warn all those who have opened their habitations towards the sea, to get the boats ready, near to the entrance of the dwellings so that if necessary they can enter them." At the same time I felt a presage of danger.

As she finished speaking they heard a dull underground noise and the earth shook beneath them. At this time the four who first opened their dwellings to the light, landed ashore and approached Pavaka. "You are always welcome," he said to them, "but doubly so at this time. Go quickly towards all those who listened to our voice, who opened their dwellings towards the sea, and say to them: Thus speaks Pavaka; Let each moor his boat near to the entrance of his habitation. Tell them also that they persuade those over whom they have any influence to open their dwellings towards the sea and also to get the boats ready, in which they can enter if need be. It is no more than four hours to sunset, it is necessary that all be ready before the mantle of night extend itself over the earth and sea."

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It is night. Only the light of the stars enlightens the Island of Atlantis and the calm waves of the ocean. Pavaka and Aditya watch at the entrance of the chamber which is open towards the sea. Pavaka grasps the hand of Aditya in his own.

P.—Your hand trembles my beloved.

A.—It is not for fear, but an undefinable presentiment of some frightful calamity. Not only the subterranean thunder continues without stopping, not only the ground trem-

bles under our feet, but the waters moan and sob as if in lamentation and the winds sob as in supplication.

Whilst she thus speaks, the tigers, leopards, serpents and all the other animals approach with signs of intense fear and take refuge in the Palace.

P.—Listen! What is that noise that we hear? one would say it was the cries of a crowd driven to anger.

At this time the whole Hierarchy flock together.

One of the four.—Fly! fly before it is too late!

P.—What has happened?

One of the four.—The People, with whom we have spoken as you told us, rise up as one man and declare that the Queen is not Dain and that it is she who has brought them misfortune. They have all sworn they will tear her in pieces.

A.—Fear not and be not uneasy. Enclose yourselves only in Hierarchic Order and all will be well.

At his voice, the four take their places in each of the cardinal points, and those who have opened their dwellings to the light form the circle, in order, around them. Nevertheless the crowd advances in great uproar, and sends forth cries of anger and malediction. But when it arrives at a short distance from the Hierarchy, it falls back as if it was repulsed by an invisible power.

P.—(to the crowd.) Do not act so foolishly, but return to your own homes. Open them towards the sea and prepare the boats, so that you may stand out to sea, if it is necessary. But they listened not, the cries and maledictions became more and more violent, and this threat dominated all the others: "Death to her who has deceived us, death to the enemy of Dain, we shall not depart from here until we have torn her in pieces!"

When the turmoil was at its height, it suddenly changed and a confused murmur, next a cry of joy and exultation rent the air. At the same time the ground trembled so violently that many of those who stood outside the crowd staggered and fell.

Payaka and Aditya stood motionless, their faces turned

towards the western waters. But the four who followed the direction of the attention of the crowd saw that above the high triangular tower, which arose to the south of the Enchanted Palace hovered a brown fog in the shape of an egg. That fog appeared animated with an interior motion similar to water which boils violently; whilst they gaze upon it, it opens from top to bottom, and from the crowd immediately proceeds this cry, as from one single voice: "Dain! Dain!"

It is the Queen of Enchantment, in fact the founder of Atlantis, who stands in the fog. She bends down her head like some one who looks towards the ground very attentively, and does not occupy herself with the cries of the people, who have forgotten their anger against Aditya, their oaths of vengeance, and they proceed in a swarming mass towards the south.

P.—Listen! Above the tumult of the crowd rises the voice of Dain, but I do not understand the meaning of her words.

A.—It is the chant of *Agnishut** alternated with a solemn Evocation to the Lord of the subterranean Fires.

P.—Look! flames burst out from the tower which becomes her elevated funeral pile.

A.—An *Agnidh*† ascends the steps without minding the flames and offers her the bowl of Soma‡. She rejects it and lets it fall from her hand with violence. She doubtless wishes to offer herself as an *Agni Pravana*§ and she desires to suffer in full consciousness.

P.—Dain rejects the bowl of Soma, not as Holocaust, but as Evocatrice. Look! now she raises her head and makes a sign to another *Agnidh* to approach. She takes from him the bowl of Soma and drinks it to the bottom. I doubt not but that her Evocation has been heard and that it has been replied to. Look! the flames shoot forth towards the

*Sacrifice by Fire.

†Fire Priest.

‡Sacrifice.

§Voluntary death by Fire.

dark sky, flames which have not been lighted by human beings.

Dain.—Where is your power of retaining me, Aoual? where is your usurped Kingdom, Pavaka? Listen, Oh! my people, you whom I formed, and you who assemble around me at this supreme hour, let the cowards who wish, in the shape of man or beasts, crowd into the ships of Aoual which come to save the traitors and usurpers. As for me and my faithful we shall go together to the Region of Fire, from whence we shall avenge ourselves by tormenting man, by every means.

Pavaka.—No, no, you only hasten the time for the restoration to the respirable air of that which is imprisoned in the concretions under the earth.* By the will of Aba the All-Merciful all things must necessarily work together for good. Evoke the All-Merciful, Divine and Human, before it is too late.

D.—I! call my enemies to my aid! Never! May myself and all my formations rather disappear from the face of the earth, and even from the spherical empire. (Turning herself towards the south and stretching out her hands towards the ground which trembles.) Attract me! I come to you!

*The greater part of the missing constituents of the respirable air—such loss having been caused by Devo the Hostile—certain precious mineral constituents, are now underneath the surface of the earth, which Tradition terms the *Concretions*. At first the atmosphere contained all the constituents which were alone sufficient for life. The power of nourishing oneself with the respirable air is not lost but only diminished. The liberation of those constituents will have for one of its affects the prolongation of life. The subterranean perturbations, or earthquakes—at present so disastrous—liberate certain of those components which in due time will be utilised towards the restitution of the respired air.

Towards the centre underneath the Concretions and the stratum where they have been formed are found “the waters under the earth,” and below those is found the *World of Fires*. The immediate cause of the blank between the Nervo-Physical and Nervous Degree of the Physical State, which prevents free relationship between them, is buried in those Concretions, hence the Nervous Beings generally depend upon the *Auras of Men* to manifest to our perception. —Ed.

Whilst she spoke thus, she disappears as if she was drawn into the earth through the triangular tower, and the crowd send forth howlings of rage and lamentations: "Let us turn towards the usurpers," says a voice, "and tear to pieces those enemies of Dain." They try to return towards the chamber of the Palace, at the entrance of which Aditya and Pavaka stand, surrounded by the Sacred Hierarchy of Atlantis. But they are enveloped in a fog the colour of fire, through which they are incapable of passing. The earth is violently shaken, and from subterranean depths, rising above the cries and groans of the multitude is heard the voice of the Enchantress, who says: "Rather rule in the Fire than serve in Heaven. I call to all the Cosmos of Being, who will bear me witness; that of my own will I descend to the Region of Fire! I am free! I am free!"

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P.—The tide advances rapidly! never have I seen the waters so near to the entry of the chamber.

A.—No, look, the tide is still ebbing; it is the Island which sinks. Soon Atlantis will disappear under the ocean waves.

At this moment a ship with iridescent sails approaches the Island, and a raft comes drifting towards the land. Many animals swim towards the raft which continues to drift towards the South. "Let us enter the boats," says Pavaka, "and go towards the ship, the ship whose iridescent sails are a proof that it is sent by Aoual."

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Pavaka and Aditya sail across the ocean which has become calm. Aditya sleeps, but Pavaka watches anxiously. At length Aditya opens her eyes and rises, she turns herself towards the north.

P.—The Seventh Wave has carried us very far forward upon the vessel, as if it wanted to carry us towards the special coronation of Oceanus. Take your place at the helm and go towards the ship's boat.

At those words Aditya steered towards the north, and the boat glided rapidly over the surface of the waters until it

reached, at sunrise, a small Isle covered with a forest of oaks which descends towards the sea.

Aditya.—Thou art the dwelling of the quaternary perfections, little Isle of the Sea. In thee will repose the perfection of Passivity the symbol of which is 5. Here the sons of the quaternary will guard the Passivities, even the most perfect Draada. This is why thou wilt be the foremost amongst the Sacred Isles of Oceanus.

P.—I understand. The sign of the four perfections is M or 40; the sign of perfection of the Passivity is N or 50, pre-eminence is symbolised by A or 1. This is why, little Isle of the Sea towards which the Elect of the Initiates has directed us, thy name is MONA.

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The boat which carried Pavaka and Aditya, followed at a distance by the ship which brought the New Sacred Hierarchy from Atlantis, has touched the shore where Aoual evokes Tzere. Aoual stands upon the beach whilst the new comers land.

Aoual to Aditya.—Be welcome, beautiful Queen of the Isles, Mona, the Sacred Island, is fortunate in receiving you. The benediction of Aoual is with you, through pathetic affection for yourself, and for love of Tzere, my Queen of the Isles, who gave me repose at the time of my exhaustion. (He enters into one of the boats upon the point of sailing) and now adieu Aditya, adieu Mona.

Pavaka.—You who are our saviour, why do you thus leave us? I feel we shall never more see your face upon earth.

Aoual.—It is best that it be so. "Mortals for Mortals, Immortals for Immortals." In this manner there is no confusion. (Apart) My wish is that Aditya remember me no more, and that the remembrance of Sheba Ma be effaced from the book of life of Pavaka. But who can guarantee that forgetfulness?

Aditya to Pavaka.—We enter, we and ours, within the Sacred Isle, the Isle of Oaks, to establish the Sacred Hierarchy that will preserve the Draada. During æons upon æons of time we shall prevail, and we shall drag thousands

and tens of thousands from the Hostile. Nevertheless, I feel that, although Mona ought to be the last refuge of our Sacred Order, a day will come when the power of the Hostile will prevail against us.

The voice of Dain below the earth.—You have guessed it, usurpatrice of the mystic power of the Seventh Wave. In seven thousand Solar Cycles, seven Lunar Cycles and seven days, the agents of the Personal Gods will drive from the forest of oaks the last guardians of the Draada.*

Aditya.—The Seventh Wave brings me the voice of Aoual.

P.—What does it say?

A.—It says: "Fear not Queen of the Holy Isle, the time will never come when the harp of the Chief of your Bards will not answer to the Seventh Wave, when at the festival of the new moon it will come to break upon the beach of Mona. When twice seven hundred Solar Cycles are passed, the guardians of the Draada will dwell in the little Isle of the Sea in safety, for naught will have the power to prevail against them. It is only when the Draada and the Maada† will be reincarnated upon earth, that they will rest from their labours, and their rest will be glorious."

When the wave, which had brought the message from Aoual to the Queen of the Sacred Isle, withdrew, something glittered at the Queen's feet; it was a Golden Sickel.

FINIS.

*See the destruction of the Sacred College in the Isle of Oaks in the *Chaldean*, which will be published at an early date.—*Ed.*

†It must be borne in mind that the *Draada* are the Passives of the Nervous Degree who have their place of rest in the trunk of the large oaks which support them with their living sap; the *Maada* are the Nervous Beings of the separated who have their habitation in the waters.

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